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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE negotiations for peace between Denmark and the German Powers are still protracted. Some little progress is indeed said to have been made towards a settlement of the frontier line, but then that happens to be the least difficult of the questions which engage the attention of the plenipotentiaries. The real cause of delay is in the monstrous claims which Prussia is understood to put forward on behalf of the Duchies. The Danish Government cannot, except under the most extreme pressure, consent to propositions which not only outrage every notion of justice, but must entail severe financial embarrassment upon the remnants of the Scandinavian monarchy. It is said that even the Austrian Cabinet has grown somewhat ashamed of the extent to which M. von Bismarck is disposed to push his exactions, and thinks it rather too bad to call upon Denmark not only to surrender Schlesvig and Holstein, but also to give up a part of the indemnity for the Sound dues, a portion of the fleet, and a share of the works of art in the national museum. There is certainly some reason to believe that the statesmen of Vienna and Berlin are not quite in accord on this point. Nor is it wonderful that such should be the case. The Prussian Premier is not anxious to bring the negotiations to a close, for he knows that every day the present provisional state of things continues, strengthens the hold of his country upon the conquered provinces. But Austria has nothing to gain by a delay, which is in many respects inconvenient; she is anxious to close a disreputable scene, and to cease figuring before Europe as the oppressor of a minor Power. She has consented, doubtless for a sufficient consideration, to eat a certain amount of dirt for the benefit of her rival; but the operation is not a pleasant one, and she naturally desires to have as little of it as possible, and get it over as quickly as may be. It is no advantage to her that the Duchies should fall into the hands of Prussia richly dowered, rather than impoverished by the expenses of the war. And it is said that some of her most prominent politicians are of opinion that the people of Schlesvig and Holstein should not only be satisfied with deliverance from the "unbearable yoke" of Denmark, but should even be content to bear the expenses of their liberation. Whether these views will prevail at Berlin it is at present impossible to say; but it is at any rate satisfactory to hear on good authority that they are entertained. It is not likely that M. von Bismarck will altogether abandon claims, however iniquitous, which he has once put forth. But the result may possibly be a compromise not altogether ruinous to the weaker party. In the meantime, it is instructive to observe how entirely both the Austrian and Prussian statesmen have abandoned any pretence of consulting the

wishes of the inhabitants of the Duchies as to their future government. And although we hear from time to time that the Diet is about to take the question in hand, that body proceeds in the matter with more than even its usual deliberation. No doubt, when the two great Powers have come to an understanding, their decree will be duly registered by the Bund. But in the meantime that respectable body can do nothing, and does nothing.

If we may believe current rumour, Russia is about to increase her influence both in a northern and a southern court. It is understood that the Cesarewitch is to become the husband of the Princess Dagmar of Denmark; and we are, moreover, told that the Archduchess Alexandrowna is betrothed to King George of Greece. But although the latter alliance would no doubt be very acceptable at St. Petersburg, we can scarcely believe that it has really been arranged. It would be unpopular with the Greeks, who regard Russia with no great favour, since they know well enough that there is no Power in Europe more averse than she, to the formation of a really independent and powerful Hellenic nationality. On the other hand, it would certainly excite the jealousy of the other two protecting Powers, who cannot desire that King George should come under the influence of a wife inspired from St. Petersburg. If the stories we hear about the young king are true, there is, indeed, every reason to guard against such a danger. It is not too much to expect even from a boy, when he happens to be a king, that he should show some interest in public affairs, and display some anxiety to fit himself for the discharge of his important duties. King George's tastes are alleged to be frivolous, and his character infirm. He is said to care for little or nothing but reading French novels, and that is hardly a regimen upon which strong minds are nurtured. A weak prince on the throne of Greece—a puppet, whose wires were pulled from St. Petersburg,—might become a source of serious annoyance, if not of embarrassment, in the east of Europe. He might be made the means of keeping up that excitement amongst the Christian population of Turkey which Russia is ever anxious to promote. He would be equally useful in hindering the establishment at Athens of settled government, which would interpose fatal obstacles to the success of Muscovite intrigue. An alliance with a member of the Royal Families of France, Russia, or England, would inevitably lead to the resuscitation of those parties, representing foreign interests, which were the bane of the country under King Otho. And we cannot, therefore, help hoping that rumour is in this instance mistaken, and that when the time comes for him to take a wife, the young king will be advised to seek a less illustrious alliance than that which is now designated for him.

The Emperor Maximilian of Mexico does not appear to

agree with his patron, the Emperor of France, as to the proper mode of dealing with the press. He does not think that the best way of uniting his subjects in support of his government is to suppress all expression of opinion, and to tolerate nothing but the servile praise of official journals. He has not, like M. de Persigny, discovered from the history of the first sovereigns of the House of Hanover that healthy controversy is inconsistent with the establishment of a new dynasty. On the contrary, he is of opinion that a ruler has everything to gain by hearing what the people really think about his measures; and that there is never so little reason to apprehend danger from party spirit as when it is permitted to exhale itself in the newspapers. He has accordingly suppressed the censorship of the press in Mexico, and has declared that for the future everyone shall be at liberty to canvass freely all official acts, "pointing out objections, but preserving always the respect due to authority." The latter words are somewhat vague, and might perhaps receive an interpretation which would reduce to very narrow limits the liberty granted by the other portions of the Emperor's letter. But His Majesty is entitled to a more generous construction of his words. He has hitherto acted in so straightforward a manner, and has shown so liberal a spirit, that we cannot doubt he means materially to relax the bonds which but lately confined the Mexican press. He will certainly be well advised to do this; for nothing will so rapidly convince the world that his power is securely founded as a readiness to submit his actions, and those of his ministers, to fair but frank criticism.

There is a Ministerial crisis in Spain. Except in one point of view, this is a matter of no interest to the world at large. Spanish ministers seldom represent either principles or a policy. The conflicts between rival statesmen in that country are but too generally mere struggles for place, while their result is decided by the caprice of the sovereign more often than by anything else. It is, however, possible that a new Government might be willing to do that justice to the creditors of Spain against which M. Salaverra, the late Finance Minister, resolutely set his face. There appears to be a growing conviction in the country that financial dishonesty does not pay in the long-run; and that Spain loses more by preventing the influx of that foreign capital which she needs for the development of her resources, than she gains by repudiating her liabilities. Moreover, there is an urgent necessity for a new loan, which cannot be negotiated on the Exchanges of Europe until the bondholders are satisfied. It is true that some English capitalists lately advanced the Government of Madrid a couple of millions without troubling themselves about the honesty or dishonesty of the borrower. But no large operation of the kind can be carried out under present circumstances; and it is therefore probable that the pressure of an urgent necessity may enforce those considerations of expediency which are favourable to an honourable settlement with the existing creditors of the country. It is more likely that this should be done by any minister than by M. Salaverra, who was equally incapable of taking a broad or an honest view of the subject.

The military news received from America during the week is, apparently, rather favourable to the Federals. It is true that we have as yet no confirmation of the fall of Atlanta, but there appears no sufficient reason to doubt that it has really taken place. There is more difficulty to account for an event which seemed so unlikely. One thing is clear—that the place was not carried by assault, because the Federal official report speaks of its occupation by a single corps of Sherman's army. The probability seems to be that Sherman had made another flanking movement, had got upon the Macon railways at a point south of Atlanta, and had thus compelled Hood to evacuate the place for the purpose of giving battle. That such a battle took place we know, but as to the result we can only conjecture from the vague statement made by the Washington Government, that Sherman "was reported to be successful," that the Federals did not gain a victory. It was most likely another of those indecisive battles of which we have seen so many during the present war. The loss of Atlanta, supposing it to have taken place, is no doubt one of some importance to the Confederates. But it has probably been rendered of less serious consequence by the previous removal of everything of value. Besides, there still remains the question whether the Federals will be able to hold the place now that they

have got into it;—a point on which it is impossible not to entertain the gravest doubt, seeing that the Confederate generals—Forest, Wheeler, and Morgan—had united their forces, and were threatening General Sherman's rear. At Mobile, the Federals have gained another, although not a very important advantage, by the surrender of Fort Morgan. The Confederates have thus lost a small number of men, about sixty cannon, and a quantity of warlike materiel. But Admiral Farragut is not thereby placed in any better position for attacking Mobile. He had previously free access to the bay by the western channel; and he has still to surmount those obstructions to his passage up the harbour which have always been the real difficulties in his way. A desperate battle has been fought in Virginia for the possession of the Weldon-road. The Confederates were the assailants, and, even according to Northern accounts, they broke the enemy's line, scattered the troops in all directions, captured many prisoners and cannon, and recovered all but four miles of the railway. At this point it is said that Federal reinforcements arrived, and the conflict ceased. It is perhaps hazardous to speculate on the real character of a battle which is described in these terms by the Northern newspapers; but we should certainly not be surprised to find that the substantial advantage on this occasion rested with the Confederates. If they have effected nothing else, they have probably arrested the further advance of General Grant's left wing across the lines of communication between Richmond and the South.

The most important event, however, of which intelligence has reached us during the week from the other side of the Atlantic, is the nomination of General M'Clellan as a candidate for the Presidency by the Chicago Conference. The unanimity displayed by that body in its choice leaves no doubt that the Democrats are heartily and completely united in support of the General; and in that case their success is almost certain, especially if the Republicans continue, as at present, divided between Lincoln and Fremont. The "platform" adopted by the Chicago Convention is in favour of the preservation of the Union by conciliation and compromise, of immediate negotiations for an armistice, and of a convention of all the States. It is also resolved that any attempt at interference by the military should be resisted with force. The latter resolution points clearly to a danger which seems to us by no means fanciful, that Mr. Lincoln, if all other means fail, may attempt to use the army to secure his re-election. The other "planks" of the platform are directed to the attainment of peace, and the most interesting question that arises out of M'Clellan's candidature is of course the probable bearing of his success upon the continuance of the war. It is not easy to form any very confident opinion upon that point, for, although the resolutions insist very strongly upon the necessity of peace, and upon the desirableness of seeking the restoration of the Union by conciliation and compromise rather than by the sword, they do nevertheless hold out "the restoration of the Union" as the one thing to be sought, and they do not on their face indicate any disposition on the part of the Democrats to acknowledge the independence of the South. But we know perfectly well that the South are not prepared to accept anything less than this, and therefore, at the first blush, there would seem little more chance of peace under M'Clellan than under Lincoln. It must, however, be borne in mind that these "platforms" are always constructed in such a manner as to enable the greatest possible number to stand upon them. In the present instance it was necessary to adopt some form of words which would not shut out that section of the party—no doubt yet a considerable one—which clings to the hope of reconstituting the great republic. And it is therefore more important to consider what is likely to be the course of events, than what the words of the resolutions directly imply. Now it is clear that there is at last a real and strong desire for peace on the part of the Northern people. They are, perhaps, not yet prepared to pay the necessary price, but the more they dwell upon the idea of the termination of hostilities, the more likely they are to become reconciled to the only mode by which it can be obtained. Moreover, the election of a president pledged to a pacific policy would encourage those who favour the independence of the South, to speak out far more boldly than they have hitherto done; and lastly, if General M'Clellan tried to make peace on the basis of the restoration of the Union, and failed—as he certainly would—the alternative of "letting the erring sisters go," or of continuing the war upon

the principles of Mr. Lincoln, would be presented to the North, with a clearness which must decide the choice of those who are really opposed to the war. Although, therefore, we quite admit that the Chicago "platform" falls far short of being a practical peace programme, its adoption by the Democratic party does seem to us to justify a hope that at no distant day the voice of reason and humanity may obtain a hearing in the Northern States. The fulfilment of this hope depends, however, entirely upon the Confederates holding their own in the field, for we fear that if two or three important victories were gained by Grant or Sherman, the attachment of the Democratic party to peace would visibly decline.

By the Australian mail we have received full accounts of the last battle in New Zealand. It seems to have been a very spirited affair, and to have resulted in a complete victory for our troops. The Maoris fought gallantly and stubbornly, and proved themselves, as they have often done before, no unworthy foe. But the English soldiers were burning to remove the stain which the repulse at the Gate Pa had cast upon them. They stormed the enemy's position at the point of the bayonet, and routed him, after a very few minutes of desperate hand-to-hand fighting. The loss of the natives was very severe, but we are informed that it has by no means broken their spirit. On the contrary, it is said that they are preparing to renew the conflict in a new position, which they are carefully fortifying. Still, although this may be the determination of those tribes which are already committed to the war, our success will probably deter others from ranging themselves against us.

THE "TIMES" ON RURAL ORATORY.

THE vacation is usually a brisk season among the county members. They have come down from London in the best of spirits, ready for the harvest and the partridges, and thanking their stars that the British Constitution requires no more sacrifices at their hands till the beginning of another year. The borough members have a far less easy berth of it. They have to confront and to talk over a score of local politicians, who entertain a solemn sense of their member's responsibility, and who expect to learn his opinion on the session and on things in general. Perhaps the unhappy M.P. is blessed with a constituency which keeps an awful eye on half a dozen crotchets, such as the Permissive Bill of Mr. Somes, or other measures of a similarly exciting kind. Perhaps Smug, the joiner, and Bottom, the weaver, have formed themselves and their friends into a Foreign Affairs Committee, which is in the habit of corresponding largely with any one who will answer their letters, and which conscientiously "surveys mankind" all through the year "from China to Peru." The miserable borough member, if he wishes to keep his seat, has to propitiate Messrs. Smug and Bottom with an oration on the Japanese or the Danes, and to get up something fresh to observe about Garibaldi or the Emperor of the French. The county member is exempt from these afflicting troubles. The farmers in his neighbourhood have not the least fancy for political tinkering. So long as Sir John is true blue, and takes the same interest in the crops and the hounds which his fathers have always taken before him, his honest constituency care no more to hear what he thinks about Italy and Poland, than they do to hear about the municipal draining of Jericho. If, indeed, their member is a Cabinet Minister, or if the county is hotly contested at election times, the case is different. A Cabinet Minister is an animal of a rare species. When he opens his mouth, Farmer Brown and Farmer Hodge open theirs. And, in an electioneering county, the Briton must be dead of soul indeed who gets tired of listening to the thrilling tale how he and the Blues thrashed the Yellows last time at the poll. But under ordinary circumstances the county member knows his audience too well to suppose that they are dying to be informed of the last phase of the negotiations at Berlin or Vienna. If he is a man of much *savoir faire* he confines himself to older and more familiar topics. He compliments the ladies, he canvasses delicately the question of steam-ploughs, he alludes to the quality of the barley, and perhaps talks of the railway that is coming next year through the neighbouring valley.

The speeches made last week at Thame by the present members for Oxfordshire, on which the leading journal was so hard, were modelled piously on some such plan. Nominally, indeed, politics were excluded by the rules of the meeting, but the rule which excluded them was evidently superfluous. Nobody wished for politics, and perhaps Colonel North and Colonel Fane

least of all. The former gallant officer paid accordingly a tribute of respect to volunteers, and dwelt on their anxiety to perform their services to their sovereign and their country. His own political sentiments he touched on in the same strain. Like the volunteers, he and his colleagues are always anxious to do their duty. Oxfordshire expects it, and her members will endeavour incessantly to come up to her expectations. Colonel Fane followed suit, with remarks of as moral and as novel a tone. He hoped always to be found at his post when he is wanted, and it was gratifying to him to think that his object had ever been to act honestly and uprightly. Having thus said as much and as little of politics as could reasonably be required, he turned to a theme of more immediate and local interest. Observations had fallen from a preceding orator as to the noise of the peep-shows outside the booth where they had met. Colonel Fane begged to vindicate the peep-shows. He had been round them all in company with two ladies and two young children. So far from feeling any annoyance at the crowd, he had paid fourpence with much satisfaction for a peep. He believed that if peep-shows were put down, a great deal of the interest and excitement caused by agricultural and horticultural societies would be done away with; and he felt himself bound in the interests of such societies to tell the truth upon this point.

After having said this, to the evident delight of his audience, and having probably little more to say, Colonel Fane, like a sensible English gentleman, sat down. Little did he think that there was a chiel among the farmers taking notes, and viewing his criticisms from a gloomy point of view. Next morning the thunder of the *Times* broke upon his devoted head. Had the members for Oxfordshire nothing better to talk about to their constituents at an agricultural gathering than peep-shows? If so, agricultural meetings are a mistake and county members themselves a rotten institution. It is possibly natural for a daily paper to feel irritation at gentlemen who, being fairly on their legs, nevertheless fail to say anything exciting enough to furnish matter for a leading article. The tedium of the dead season must be relieved, and here were Colonel Fane and Colonel North doing positively nothing to relieve it. They had been guilty of the awful crime of making a speech which nobody in a railway train could possibly care to peruse. Was it for this that reporters had been despatched to the scene of action, and a whole column left open for the eloquence which never came? The most enterprising journal cannot go on supplying the metropolis with milk when the county cows run dry in this alarming manner. The *Times* newspaper, therefore, was of opinion that the gallant Colonels were neglecting their privileges, and not availing themselves of a natural opportunity to raise and improve the farmer's intellect.

Every honourable mind will sympathise with the anxiety of eminent journalists to provide food for the public at a season when intelligence is slack. During the last month there have been hours at which the market value of sensational news must have been as great as the price of eatables in Richmond. Some newspapers, indeed, have suffered the most horrible privations. They have been reduced to dining off atrocities and mad dogs till exhausted nature almost flinched from the daily routine. One respectable morning paper, last week, was compelled, in sheer distress, to advertise upon its boards a "Brutal Assault with a Poker in the City-road." But it is rather hard to visit a bad editorial harvest on two amiable county members. The *Times* appears to display the same vindictive feelings towards all orators who have the misfortune to be unexciting, as those entertained by the Paris mobs in the time of Louis XVI. against the monopolizers of corn. That charity which "thinketh no evil" ought to have suggested that perhaps Colonel Fane and Colonel North said nothing—not out of malice prepense, but simply and solely because they had nothing to say. This awful predicament is not peculiar to the two Colonels. Fellow-feeling—if charity was silent—might have kept the *Times* from descending in a thunderbolt upon them. Strange as it may seem, the *Times*, on many of these fine autumnal mornings, has nothing to say itself; and Colonel Fane upon peep-shows may be as valuable an addition to contemporary literature as the *Times* itself upon Colonel Fane.

PENNY PROPHECY.

CHEAPNESS is a characteristic of our age. Your penny will work more wonders now than your pound could a century ago. We may be literally "penny wise" without being "pound foolish;" we may eat penny ices in Italian *salons*, and penny pine-apples at the costermonger's stall. Some wit and poet of our happier times should annihilate "The Splendid Shilling" by writing "The Splendid Penny." He might range from

cyclopædias to steamboats, and yet find matter for still more glorious flights. He might even emulate the achievements of Shakespeare, as recorded by Dr. Johnson. Existence would "see him spurn her bounded reign," and "panting Time" would certainly "toil after him in vain." For we may look into the future at the moderate cost of one penny, and may put ourselves in possession of the fate of empires and the policy and actions of great men a whole year in advance. "Old Moore's Penny Almanack" will suffer no man to be ignorant of coming events who cares to be informed. We have no occasion to wait for "the sunset of life" to acquire that "mystical lore" which enables us to see the advancing shadows before the lagging substance. Old Moore, for the merely nominal consideration of a penny, makes us all partakers of his most occult knowledge. His Almanack is a prospective newspaper for the ensuing year; in fact, we don't see why people should go to the expense and trouble of buying and reading newspapers, when they only chronicle after the event what Moore has revealed before it. It is true they enter somewhat more into detail than the prophet; but this is mere idleness and frivolity. All reasonable minds are interested in broad results rather than in petty minutiae. To such persons, "Old Moore's Almanack" is a sort of essence of the journals of the world, stewed down to a portable form, and anticipating the laggards who, for the sake of a few unimportant particulars, prefer to wait for the event. To be enabled to buy such a jar of potted meat—minus the bone and offal—for a penny, is certainly one of the great privileges of the time; and we cannot wonder if the publication finds a large sale. See what you get for your money in this latest issue—the Almanack for 1865! Besides the hieroglyphic and prophecies for the coming year, and the almanack properly so called, we have a number of "beautiful engravings representing sea-fishing;" portraits of the American Generals, Lee and Grant; lists of fairs and markets; tide-tables; the "rising and setting of the planets and phases of the moon;" tables of stamps and taxes; an enumeration of "the principal fixed and moveable feasts;" law and university terms; articles of the calendar,—in short, as Old Moore himself says on his title-page, in a burst of lofty generalization, at once modest and dignified, "all that can be desired or expected in an Almanack." By the expenditure of another halfpenny, you may have your pennyworth of wisdom secured to you in a "rich coloured wrapper," all yellow and blue and red, with a hieroglyphic on the front, and a picture of an exquisite young lady in hat and curls, with the most languishing of eyes and the most delicious of shoulders, on the back. But this is simply a concession to the artistic tastes of the wealthy three-halfpenny classes, of which the penny public need not feel jealous. All the solid worth of Moore is to be had for the lower sum, and the affluent may wallow, if they will, in the luxury of ornamentation.

"Old Moore," as usual, begins with proving to the sceptical how all his forecastings for the existing year have been fulfilled. He "likes to speak by the card," and therefore comes to the point at once without any nonsense. Now, did he not say, with reference to March, 1864, that "there are omens of danger to the heads of Royal houses abroad?" and did not the King of Wurtemberg die? Yes, certainly—only he didn't die in March. Then, again, he "foreshadowed the Conference upon the great Danish question thus:—'Misunderstandings and explanations between diplomatists upon a very important subject.'" Captious disputants may perhaps urge that, if he meant a Conference upon the Danish question, he might as well have said so while he was about it; but objections are easily made by those who are resolved to make them. Concerning France, the prophet observed that "the *entente cordiale* may, perhaps, receive a slight check. There will certainly be some points of difference between England and France." This was spoken with reference to the Emperor Napoleon's proposal of a "Congress of sovereigns," which "England refused, not over-courteously, and perhaps not over-wisely." The good man "knows" that this refusal "was very painful to the Emperor;" and, without pretending to anything like Old Moore's profundity of information, we believe we may say that we know this too, and that the fact is within the cognisance of most men. But why, oh sage, why did you not tell us a year ago that the Emperor desired to hold a Congress, and that he would be much pained at our refusal to join him? However, we must not question a prophet; we must only listen. Old Moore, in his last issue, told us "all about" France and Mexico, and he now warns the world that "much will be said and done in 1865 about this usurpation, commenced under fallacious and deceitful pleas." We are also advised that "for

many a long day" Algeria will be "very troublesome and onerous" to her conquerors—which we see not the slightest occasion to doubt. The star-gazer informed us last year that there would be a "protracted struggle" and a "sanguinary contest" in America; and he now points with something of gloomy satisfaction to the proof that his prophecy was no "alarmist chimera." Then, moreover, he said that "China would be the scene of more warfare and struggle;" and have not the facts borne out his words?

These marvellous successes must inspire the student of Moore's vaticinations for 1865 with immense confidence; and we therefore turn, with mingled hope and fear, to the magic glass which reflects the fortunes of mankind in the coming twelvemonth. We are rather daunted to find, at the very outset, that "dark aspects are prominent." "Surely England is not again at war?" exclaims the soothsayer, shuddering. Alas! he "much fears it." But let us not entirely lose heart. Moore reassures us as far as he is able by bidding us recollect that "sometimes, even at the eleventh hour, favourable symptoms appear unexpectedly, and the patient is saved." Most true, oh Moore! and we think none the worse of you for saying so; besides, it is always better in prophesying to be prepared for both contingencies. Some time in February, it seems, "Ministers will be engaged in the consideration of measures involving the safety and honour of England." We are glad to hear they will be so well employed, since, in the opinion of many, they have recently let the "honour of England" go rather too much by the board. We are hardly surprised to find that "much difference of opinion will prevail as to the best measures to be adopted," because that always is the case; but, with regard to another matter, we must confess we should have been better satisfied had the information given been more precise and certain. "Probably a change in the Ministry about this time." Probably, but not assuredly. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. It would certainly be pleasant to know one way or another, and to have a list of the new Cabinet (if any); but the prophet knows best, and next year we shall be told exactly how events shaped themselves. Under the head of March, it is intimated that "affairs in Spain do not progress very satisfactorily" (we do not recollect that they ever did); that there will be a "frightful calamity on land, and," Moore fears, "disastrous havoc at sea," which indeed is only too probable; that there will be more insurrections in Algeria; that Canada will be troublesome, and China in a state of rebellion; and that "the Continental news" will be "by no means tranquillizing." In April, "Garibaldi will again attract attention," which we can very readily believe; and there will be "danger to Royalty, either at home or abroad." Moore also expects to hear of "much religious discord" in Belgium, which country, with a sweet forgetfulness of recent events, he describes as "usually so quiet and so free from excitement." Furthermore, he fears a commercial crisis in England, and darkly warns his readers "not to join too rashly in the many new schemes of the day." Undoubtedly, to join "too rashly" in any schemes, whether new or old, is unadvisable; but it would have been very handy if the names of the questionable companies had been given. Perhaps, however, the wizard was afraid of an action for libel. One cannot very well plead a justification before the fact. Prophecy is not evidence.

In this way we are conducted through the whole year. We see a few allusions to the deaths of eminent men; but of course Old Moore is not so cruel as to mention names. One of these men, we are told, is "the noblest Roman of them all," and of another it is said that "we could have 'spared a better man.'" A very extraordinary thing is to happen in October, 1865; for Convocation, which is generally not in session at that time of year, is "to decide upon some very essential and weighty principles connected with the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England." On the whole, we are led to expect events of great magnitude and gravity; but we are piously reminded that we are in the hands of Providence, and that things might be worse. Moore is certainly an entertaining and a versatile author. By turns gloomy, grand, reassuring, didactic, descriptive, political, and scientific, he impresses us with the idea of a rich and comprehensive soul; and that he should introduce us to the future on terms so infinitesimal—place us, as it were, hand-in-glove with the stars for the price of an old song—proves that he has a heart as generous as his brain is large.

THE "MORNING STAR" AND ITS CORRESPONDENTS.

MUCH of what has been written upon the alleged guilt of Müller is certainly of questionable propriety. But it has been

reserved for one of the most virtuous of our journals to print a statement the like of which we do not remember to have seen in an English newspaper before, and trust, for the credit of English journalism, we shall never see again.

The paper in question is the *Morning Star*; certainly a virtuous paper, perhaps indeed the most virtuous of all papers. It is a journal with a copious supply of indignation always on hand ready to be launched at the head of anyone who may trip even in the slightest degree in any kind of propriety. If, for instance, a man were suspected of murder, or theft, or any other heinous offence, and the constable who took him into custody were to question him so as to elicit statements from him, the *Morning Star* would turn on the tap of its virtuous indignation, and drench that constable with very severe adjectives. And in such a case the *Morning Star* would be right; for there can hardly be imagined a more detestable practice than for an officer of justice to take advantage of a prisoner's surprise and agitation to draw from him hastily-considered statements, or statements uttered at random. A constable so exceeding his duty, so violating the first principles of fair-play, would be simply a ruffian of the most unprincipled kind: without feeling, without honesty, over-zealous after the most offensive and heartless type of excessive zeal. The magistrate who heard his statement would reprimand him; Sir Richard Mayne would perhaps suspend him; but certainly the *Morning Star* would chastise him with the valour of a voluble and vituperative tongue; for the *Morning Star* is a virtuous journal.

What, then, was our surprise when, on Tuesday evening, we saw in the *Express* an account of an interview between the correspondent of the *Morning Star* and Müller, in which the correspondent represents himself as putting Müller under cross-examination with respect to certain circumstances which seem to connect him in some way with the murder of Mr. Briggs. "I was curious to know," says the correspondent, "which link in the chain that now binds him so closely Müller would assert was weak. In company of a friend I applied at the office of United States Marshal Murray early this morning for a permit to see Müller. It was promptly and cheerfully granted." We suspect that this writer must be a Yankee. No Englishman surely could so disgrace himself and his nation as to intrude upon a man accused of murder, and pump him, under the vile pretence that he, the writer, was about to write to England, "and would gladly do his best to make public any statement he might desire regarding his whereabouts upon the night Mr. Briggs was murdered;" though it is unfortunately true that Englishmen have been found capable of printing and publishing the statement thus infamously extracted. Fortunately, these Englishmen are only the conductors of the *Morning Star*; so that the disgrace will fall light upon the nation, except perhaps in the eyes of those foreigners who attach an exaggerated importance to anything and everything that is English.

But this does not relieve us from the duty of protesting in the name of the British press against a breach of propriety so scandalous that we cannot find words strong enough to condemn it. Only imagine the baseness and treachery of the thing. The *Morning Star's* "own correspondent," after having said that he expected to write to England and would gladly do his best, &c., saw that at first Müller did not seem to understand him, and "apparently supposing," he says, "that I desired his version of the fact for publication here, as he answered that he did not care to have anything said—his counsel knew all the circumstances." Here the correspondent was clearly at fault. The fellow had lost the scent, but he soon found it again. "A casual allusion to a statement I had seen in some of the London papers, to the effect that the German societies were interesting themselves in his case, and endeavouring to gather testimony for his defence, seemed to give him the correct idea of my object, and he at once proceeded to say that on the night of Mr. Briggs's murder he left his boarding-place," &c. And then the writer proceeds to narrate the account Müller gave of his proceedings on the night of the murder, all the questions the 'cute correspondent put to him, and all the answers which Müller made. What Müller said, and what replies he made to the correspondent's inquiries, we shall not repeat. The account given of them in the *Morning Star* may be true or false, and is just as probably the one as the other. The only fact which seems unquestionable is the abominable bad taste, and worse than bad taste, which made "our own" write, and his proprietors print. That "United States' Marshal Murray," should "promptly and cheerfully" grant the correspondent's request for a "permit" to see Müller, we readily believe, because there is nothing a United States' officer can do, from "honest Abe" down to the most avowed vagabond who holds office under him, which can surprise us. But, then, these men

live, and think, and act in a thoroughly-polluted moral atmosphere. Happily, though there are a few statesmen and a very few journals in England who would degrade us to a level with New York and Washington, there is no such atmosphere here. If the penny-a-liner of an English newspaper were to apply to the Governor of the Old Bailey for a "permit" to visit and cross-examine a prisoner accused of a grievous crime, his request would not be granted. If it were, and the result were to be such a communication as the *Morning Star* published on Tuesday, there would be a general feeling that justice, honour, humanity, and common decency had been outraged.

BROTHER IGNATIUS AND HIS SORE THROAT.

WHETHER Brother Ignatius was or was not afflicted with a sore throat on the 11th of September, 1864, must for ever remain a mystery to all except the select circle which has the privilege of ministering to that youthful saint's comforts, and of sharing his confidences. In future ages, when the Church has been renovated by the means of the brotherhood of which he is the founder, and brethren of the Ignatius stamp are walking about all the parishes in England with countenances indicative at once of high spirituality and much intellectual feebleness, the controversy about the sore throat of Brother Ignatius himself will remain one of the dark passages in hagiology. It is one of those sad trials to which, in the intervals of persecution, infant churches have to submit. In the lives of the saints there are many similar episodes, which the faithful know to be true, but at which the cold outer world persists in sneering. Not the least afflicting part of the ordeal is that doubt should have been thrown upon the genuine nature of Brother Ignatius's malady by one of those who ought to have been on the side of orthodoxy. It is not an enemy who has sown tares among the wheat of Brother Ignatius, but an irritated ally. The time selected for the aggression was one at which Brother Ignatius might have expected to be safe, especially from his friends. The candles had been lit, the *Te Deums* chanted, the thuribles duly swung, the altar incensed, and the white-robed acolytes properly put in motion. In the middle of Divine service, and in the presence of a hushed congregation, the preacher chose to throw doubts upon the holy man's sincerity. The next day the scene was all over the newspapers, to the great amusement of the public; and, in the bitterness of his heart, Brother Ignatius doubtless feels that Brother Stuart (if that be the reverend gentleman's full ecclesiastical title) had been going to law with him—so to speak—before unbelievers.

The cause of the scandal was doubtless a grave theological error on the part of Brother Stuart himself. He incautiously allowed human reason to intrude into those regions which ought to be reserved for and appropriated to faith alone. Once before Brother Ignatius had been invited to preach at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster-square—a sanctuary which has been set apart it seems, by its excellent incumbent, under the sanction, we presume, of the Bishop of the Diocese, for the diffusion of ecclesiastical graces, and the performance of ecclesiastical gymnastics. Brother Ignatius had been punctual to his promise. The enemy of mankind, who is always nagging at Brother Ignatius, inflaming his larynx, ridiculing his proceedings, and interposing in many ways between him and monastic fame, on that occasion had let him alone. With an eye which nothing could escape, the Rev. Mr. Stuart had noticed that the collection was to be made for Brother Ignatius's own mission. Last Sunday, however, the collection was to have been devoted to a different object. A rapid—a too rapid method of induction, led Brother Stuart to the hasty conclusion that the throat of Brother Ignatius is only liable to get out of order when his own interests are not concerned. The flaw in this mental process is obvious at a glance. Brother Stuart had applied logic to Brother Ignatius's throat, instead of treating it as all such hagiological phenomena ought to be treated. Had Brother Stuart been told that Brother Ignatius had walked from Norwich to Munster Square with his head under his arm, and had only been persuaded to put it on his shoulders again at the earnest expostulation of the police, it would have been his duty, as a theological student, as it would doubtless have been his pleasure, to believe it. Things as strange have happened in the pages of the Venerable Bede. Misled, apparently, by the fact that the phenomenon was a simple one, and aggravated, perhaps, by the thought of a diminished collection for his parish, Brother Stuart allowed his mind to dally with the profane inductive method of the world. The result has been

a theological difference of opinion almost as lamentable as a schism. At a time when unity is so much wanted, the church of Munster-square and the Brotherhood of Ignatius are divided on an important article of faith. The latter believe in Brother Ignatius's sore throats; the former disbelieve in them; and the same disastrous separation will of course ensue between the two communities as that which, centuries ago, alienated the eastern and the western Churches.

An important and serious step in that direction was at once taken by Brother Stuart. As Brother Ignatius was detained from the pulpit by circumstances over which he had no control, Brother Stuart was compelled to supply his place. Whether the congregation had assembled to hear Brother Ignatius with a provoking ardour which contrasts unfavourably with the alacrity they display in thronging to the discourses of their secular pastor,—or whether Brother Stuart was smarting under a sense of mingled incredulity and impecuniosity,—charity forbids us to discuss. It is sufficient to say that he rose solemnly in the pulpit—habited in his alb, his girdle, and his green stole,—and denounced the absent and perhaps truant monk. Denunciation of personages is a ceremony happily unfamiliar to the frequenters of an English church. Beating the drum ecclesiastic and declaring war upon individuals is an occupation that more usually belongs to ministers of other communities. If Brother Stuart, however, had been an Irish parish priest and Brother Ignatius a Protestant gauger, the ecclesiastical fulmination could not have been more complete. "Ye shall find it writ in the Gospel," said an ancient French King, "that we are to forgive our enemies, but ye shall nowhere find it writ that we are to forgive our friends." Upon this salutary maxim Brother Stuart seems to have acted. Since the days of the Revolution and of non-jurors, seldom, probably, has one English clergyman in the pulpit fallen pell-mell on a brother clergyman so effectually; and scattered him, so to speak, from Aroer to Minneth:—

"Brother Ignatius tells me that he has got a sore throat, and cannot preach here to-day. I am sorry for it, because some have come here probably for the purpose of hearing him. It is not my fault. Before I gave you notice last Sunday morning that he would preach here to-day, I received a distinct assurance from him that nothing should hinder him from coming here. Perhaps Brother Ignatius thinks a promise is nothing, and that is my opinion about his sore throat. When I asked him to preach here last summer, and engaged to give him what might be collected for his mission, about £150 being raised, he had no sore throat; but as the offertory collection to-day was to be on behalf of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, poor Brother Ignatius has got a sore throat. Now, as some have no doubt come to hear Brother Ignatius, I will wait a minute or two to allow those who like to leave the church to go. Those who like to remain I shall be of course glad to see, to listen to a commonplace sermon."

Jove thundering in a clear sky cannot have been more of a portent to the classical poet, than this sudden tempest doubtless was to the quiet congregation of St. Mary's, Munster-square. They have probably been accustomed, in the course of their Sunday ministrations, to strange and unfamiliar spectacles. By this time they know a great deal about these mysteries of sacred art, which are a sealed book to uninitiated Churchmen. They feel no astonishment at embroidered crosses, at kneeling acolytes, or at swinging thuribles. They are acquainted with all the colours of the mediæval rainbow, and can tell to a nicety what particular tinted vestment suits each particular saint's anniversary. But when Brother Stuart turned out to have been as thoroughly incensed as his own altar, it is possible they felt keenly the novelty of the proceeding. No better satire could be found to follow on the forms and ceremonies that had preceded, than a fit of fury and ill-temper on the part of the ministering clergyman, when he fancied he had discovered an imaginary slight. Such is the priesthood which is to reform the Church and the Church's ceremonial. A little provocation, and we hear unmistakeably from under the clothing of a sheep a wolf's voice. Impartial observers will not, perhaps, hesitate to conclude that the gentlemen in green copes who bark at brother clergymen so promptly, on fit emergency would not shrink from denouncing a layman too. To this extravagant ultimatum priestly arrogance and authority have not yet been carried in the modern days of our English Church. If, however, the licence of such as the Rev. Mr. Stuart were to be tolerated with impunity, such, before long, might be the natural result. To say that the publicity which this gentleman's proceedings have obtained will be his best punishment, is to mistake the nature of the class with which we have to deal. To a certain number of ecclesiastical simpletons notoriety and fame seem perhaps synonymous expressions. If Mr. Stuart can be punished in no better way than by the laughter of the public and the censure of the press, ecclesiastical discipline is a farce, and the Bench of Bishops an expensive piece of State pageantry.

CROQUET.

THE important difference between the Earl of Essex and Captain Mayne Reid will be of deep interest this week in the eyes of all young English ladies. Croquet is fast becoming a national institution. It might have languished unhonoured and unknown among the thousand games that live for a little while and then disappear into obscurity. The ladies of England rescued it from so sad a destiny. They took it up, and when they had fairly taken it up, it became of necessity immortal. At last, a nobleman of distinction and a gallant officer have quarrelled over it, and henceforward its glory is established. Its success might perhaps have been anticipated, when we consider the social vacuum which nothing apparently but croquet could permanently fill. It gives an object and an occupation to those lonely country luncheon-parties, which require something to carry them off. There are many things in its favour. It is a pastime at which feminine skill may triumph over masculine, for a thoroughly scientific croquet-player has no sex. Then again, it savours of no sort of dissipation. Curates play at it without falling into disrepute among the severe disciplinarians of critical tea-parties. Even the Bishop of Rochester has not as yet put it into his *Index Expurgatorius* among forbidden clerical amusements. The bull's-eye of a contemporary which shall be nameless has not once glared in that direction, and the young people from the vicarage may indulge their genius for hours together without bringing down a leading article upon the heads of the unhappy vicar. Perhaps it owes something of its good fortune to the fact that it is so unexceptionable an amusement. In rural districts where the male population is thinly scattered, where garrisons never come, and where even officers of volunteers are scarce, it is a great thing to have a sport to which the curates of the neighbourhood may be safely invited. Every well-regulated feminine mind knows that a curate is under some circumstances better than nothing. This is what for many years has made the fortune of archery. Archery is admitted to be essentially orthodox and clerical, and, indeed, is one of the ordinary means of communication between the Church and the female sex. Croquet is possibly destined, in the long run, to supersede it; for it is not every young lady who can be a Diana, whereas every young lady can wield a stick and troll a ball. Nor would Venus herself disdain the opportunities of Ionic attitude and display which a croquet match affords. It is not easy to find a game at which failure is as graceful as victory. Such is, however, the happy peculiarity of croquet. The victor wins the battle; but the equally favoured loser gains laurels perhaps as attractive. Seldom does the unarmed masculine bosom beat with as keen a sympathy as when some vanquished Clorinda's ball has been ruthlessly driven by the enemy to the extreme end of the lawn into banishment among the flower-beds. Every chivalrous heart goes into exile among the flower-beds after it. Consolation, advice, assistance, all are then in place, and perhaps the highest happiness of a bachelor-clerical life is tasted during the ecstatic moments when the future luminaries of the Church are assisting their fair parishioners to follow and to replace the fugitive and discomfited ball.

There is something in the nature of all games at ball which renders them particularly pleasing to English people. Skill, exercise, and open air combined would make any pastime popular in this country; and croquet is certainly the only ball game which can be played with equal facility by both sexes. If it does not afford the same opportunities of dexterous manipulation as billiards, it has at least the advantage of being an out-of-doors occupation. Cricket, on the other hand, is a masculine tournament, at which all that ladies can do is to preside at a respectable distance; and the popular honours which the successful batsman wins are lessened by the fact that the fairer half of the spectators can scarcely appreciate his skill. Provided that the ball flies somewhere in the air, female observation is usually satisfied; and cricket, according to feminine dictionaries, would probably be defined as a game in which gentlemen in white flannels fling about a ball, while ladies sit upon sunny benches round the field. In croquet the relative positions are reversed. The gentlemen players are not unfrequently less scientific than their partners; and no one but a lady generally attains to a complete knowledge of the intricate mysteries of the pursuit. Happily a rude acquaintance with its first principles is sufficient for the happiness of those whose object in playing is less to excel, than to admire and to adore. Like all other games, indeed, croquet may perhaps become too scientific for pleasure. Cricket is now a business and a profession. Progress has placed it beyond the grasp of all except the few who have been thoroughly trained in its rudiments.

There is some danger perhaps lest croquet should follow in the same brilliant path, and end by becoming a scientific contest for a few, instead of a popular amusement for the million. Captain Mayne Reid and the Earl of Essex are steering in this unpleasant direction. If codes of rules are to be mastered,—if volumes can be written, read, and fought over about croquet,—farewell to half its charms. Such, however, seems destined to be its lot. As the lady of quality tells us in the "Rejected Addresses,"—"Nature must give way to art." Already the individual croquet-player is beginning to be merged in the party on whose side he is chosen. Erratic genius is ceasing to be tolerated. The orders of the leaders are to be followed, even at the sacrifice of individual ambition. The true game has been discovered to consist, not in playing your own ball on to glory and victory, but in playing it so as to assist somebody else to triumph. The highest post awarded to a humble neophyte is possibly that of serving as a ladder to the lady who is the crack player of the village; and to throw the tactics of the party into confusion by playing too well, is regarded as even more clumsy than to disturb them by playing too badly.

The merits of the dispute between the noble Earl and the gallant Captain may, perhaps, with propriety be left to the decision of the country conclaves, who are discussing it everywhere, by tea-table and lawn. If the Earl of Essex is in the wrong, it will doubtless be considered that he has erred in a good cause. The fair authoress who is at the bottom of the quarrel, and who has distinguished herself by reprinting whole pages *verbatim* from Captain Mayne Reid's book, no doubt considers that in croquet, as in love, everything is fair; and attributes to a sordid and unmanly spirit the interference of Captain Reid, his solicitors, and the Vice-Chancellor who has been summoned on to the stage. How prevalent the passion for croquet has become may be guessed from the vigilance with which the Captain has hunted down his feminine plagiarist. A bill of nearly three hundred pounds has by this time taught the Earl of Essex that, in the cause of croquet, a lady hesitates at nothing. The battle of the "Rape of the Lock" itself has not produced more dire contention than the battle of the croquet-book; and the excitement caused by Captain Reid's victory at many a country house, eclipses the excitement created even by the Leger and the victories of Blair Athol himself.

CALIGRAPHY AND THE RISING GENERATION.

A cry has come up to us from the City and the great commercial centres. We hear a chorus of complaints from mercantile men in regard to the handwriting of young men leaving college and lads who have done with school. Good penmanship would seem to be almost a forgotten art. If a merchant advertises for a junior clerk, he is deluged with applications from boys who have left school, three-fourths or five-sixths of whose letters he throws aside for bad handwriting. Most of these lads have been educated with a view to a commercial career, yet their penmanship is so defective and wanting in neatness, to say nothing of elegance, that it is unfit to figure in a ledger. The employer's vexation is the greater, because it often happens that from the respectability of a lad's connections, the general tone of his letter, or the turn of some sentence, he would obtain the preference over one of the successful applicants, if his handwriting were up to the mark. Thus, on the one hand, the choice of the employer is narrowed; and on the other, intelligent and well-disposed boys fail to gain admission to the best houses of business, and lose the incalculable advantage of a good start. A sprawling, irregular, ill-formed, school-boy's hand in the day-book and cash-book of a commercial man who prides himself on the neatness of his accounts would shock and startle him like a nest of adders. The first qualification for a junior clerk (apart from character and integrity) is that he shall write a good business hand—plain, round, legible, and distinct. This is a truth which seems to have escaped the recollection of the present race of schoolmasters, and which we are urgently exhorted to press upon their attention.

If any foolish lad, or still more silly teacher, should imagine that it is the sign of a vulgar and menial education to write a good hand, the sooner schoolboy and pedagogue disabuse themselves of this mistaken idea the better. The highest circles of English society cultivate penmanship with care and success. The Queen's handwriting is beautiful—flowing, and elegant, and feminine. Prince Albert's biographer compares the Prince to Goethe, who "would take inordinate pains, even in writing a short note, that it should be admirably written. He did not understand the merit of second-best, but everything that was to be done must be done perfectly." The Prince Consort took the greatest interest in the caligraphy of his children, and few

young people, we are assured, write more elegantly, and at the same time more distinctly, than the Princes and Princesses of England. Our highest statesmen have not thought it beneath them to cultivate a clear and distinct penmanship. Lord Palmerston's handwriting is free, firm, and, considering his great age, by no means obscure. Lord Derby writes a capital hand—at once elegant and legible—an aristocratic hand, if there be such a thing. Earl Russell's is a smaller and more feminine hand, yet clear as his expositions of constitutional law and as incisive in its style as some of his despatches are biting, though rash, in matter. The Lord Chancellor writes a beautiful hand—firm, solid, and legal—such a hand as should have drawn up the Bill of Rights. Sir Hugh Cairns' is smaller, and, perhaps, more elegant—a gentlemanly and clear hand. Mr. Cobden's hand-writing is round, bold, and commercial—the hand of one who began life as a junior clerk in days when good penmanship was perhaps the rule rather than the exception, among school-boys of any ambition. Mr. Bright's is a somewhat smaller hand, rapid and flowing, yet legible. Mr. Gladstone's is a hurried and impetuous hand—the writing of a man whose thoughts flow so thick and fast that they outstrip the pen. Yet he holds the quill in a firm grasp, and his letters are large and well-formed. Lord Stanley's writing is by no means elegant, yet it is as distinct as large print. The Duke of Newcastle's long, well-formed, and very distinct letters, would perhaps gain him the prize for caligraphy among living statesmen; yet his penmanship is inferior to that of the late Marquis of Wellesley, who wrote perhaps the best hand of his day. Considering how much writing the Governor-Generals of India, during the last half century, had to do, it has been fortunate for East India Directors, Boards of Control, and Indian Secretaries, that the vice-regal penmanship has been so uniformly good. Lord W. Bentinck's words and letters sometimes ran a little into each other, yet his hand was fairly legible. Lord Minto's was a firm, good hand. Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst each wrote a somewhat picturesque hand, yet every letter of both was as clear as print. Lord Auckland's hand was singularly round and legible. Lord Ellenborough's was too ladylike and finical to be very distinct; but his successor, Lord Dalhousie, wrote an admirable model hand, and Lord Canning's was also an example of good penmanship. Every one remembers how plain and distinct were the notes beginning "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments," although every one may not be aware that many of the communications so highly prized by autograph collectors were written by the Duke's secretary, Mr. Greville, who learned to imitate his hand. In all these instances (and we might bring fifty others) our present race of school-boys can find no sanction or encouragement for indolent neglect of their penmanship.

Commercial men hazard various theories to account for the degeneracy of penmanship. One is, that our young gentlemen entering life upon a mercantile career are unwilling to be considered as mere clerks, and therefore scorn to cultivate a clerkly hand. They appear to think that it does not matter how a gentleman writes, so that his writing can be made out, and that a neat, precise, and legible hand is a mark of social inferiority. Such a notion would display so pitiful a conceit and ambition in the rising generation, that we are unwilling to accept this theory. It is, indeed, to some extent disproved by the readiness of young men of good family and social position to adopt commercial pursuits. Parents, who, a quarter of a century ago, would have thought everything but a profession "ungenteel," now bring up their sons to any business-pursuit that promises to pay well. The lads have the good sense to avoid the overstocked learned professions, and never before, in the city and in the great marts of manufactures and commerce, were so many young men of family and education to be found competing for an introduction to the higher kind of commercial avocations. Youths who willingly adopt a mercantile career cannot in fairness be supposed to be above qualifying themselves for the efficient discharge of their duties.

Another class of employers lay the mischief at the door of steel pens. Many precisians of the old school say there has been no good penmanship since steel-pens came in. Most parents who can afford to give their children home-tuition are careful to place quill-pens in their hands when they are learning to write. But at school quills have been almost universally driven out by steel, and the generation which offers itself for vacant desks brings steel-pen hand-writing to letter-book and ledger. Accustomed to use a pen less free, flexible, and elastic than their forefathers, it is perhaps no wonder if their hand-writing is more cramped and less solid. The fineness of up-stroke may be there, but the firmness of downstroke,

evenness of curve, and flowing grace attainable with an elastic goose-quill seem to be things of the past. The change is inevitable. It would be impossible to induce schoolmasters to revert to the Saturnian age of the quill. Ushers and pupil-teachers would mutiny under the slavery of mending and "nibbing" them. The steel-pen is cheaper, and gives less trouble; and if it were substituted for the quill in the school, the young clerk would have to serve an apprenticeship to it in the counting-house. Perhaps the best steel-pen for schools has not yet been found. However this may be, we incline to attribute much of the decline of caligraphy to our "pens of adamant." Our "cream-faced" paper has ceased, when filled, to have its "goose look," and we must turn for good penmanship to the letters of elderly statesmen and merchants. The modern *curriculum* of study in schools and colleges is, however, mainly chargeable with the bad hand-writing of our youths. Mathematics, modern languages, modern history, chemistry, botany, and geology, more or less share with the classics the time and attention of the scholar. Caligraphy has been elbowed out of its place by this jostling and competing crowd of accomplishments. The schoolmaster deems it of more importance to develop the intelligence and exercise the memory of his pupils than to see that they are well grounded and practised in the humble mechanical art of writing. Penmanship goes to the wall, and thus it happens that the junior clerk, who has studied logic and chemistry, and has a passable knowledge of moral and natural philosophy, is unable to copy a letter decently, and disfigures every book in the counting-house with his sprawling and indistinct entries.

In the interest alike of commerce, of employers, and of the rising generation, we appeal to parents and teachers to restore penmanship to its former honourable place in tuition. The axiom that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well is more especially true of handwriting. Who shall estimate the vexation and loss of time—to say nothing of mistakes and misconceptions—that a slovenly, obscure, and illegible hand-writing inflicts during a long career upon friends and commercial correspondents? Who would envy the great Chancery lawyer of whom it was said that he wrote three hands,—one which only himself could read, another that only his clerk could read, and a third that the d— himself could not decipher? One great author tells his readers, with complacency, that his handwriting resembles the path of a spider that has just climbed out of an ink-bottle. It is but a contemptible kind of vanity, after all, which causes a man to be proud of an awkwardness and carelessness that prove so fruitful a source of annoyance to others. Cobbett was much more usefully employed in his ceaseless exhortations to the young men of his day to write well and carefully. His French Grammar—and we do not depreciate its merit—has probably made a greater number of good penmen than of French scholars. He insists upon verbs, prepositions, &c., being written down many times over: "Let it be your constant habit," he says, "to write in a plain hand. The best handwriting is that which is the easiest to read; that which can be the most easily read by the greatest number of persons." Elsewhere he says:—"If you write in a slovenly hand you will not place the matter so safely in your memory as if you wrote in a plain and neat hand. In short, the best manner of doing a thing is, in the end, also the least troublesome and the quickest."

The Civil Service Commissioners do but echo the complaints which are everywhere heard in the commercial world as to the neglect of good penmanship. They point out that there is no magic in acquiring a good hand at school. The less-gifted boys, by dint of care, attention, and perseverance, often write a better hand than the smarter lads; and in any open competition for a desk in a merchant's office they are usually preferred, for the simple reason that they bring mechanical excellence to a post in which mechanical excellence is mainly desired. In any case, it is an anomaly in an age of progress that our present race of statesmen should be distinguished by excellent penmanship, while our youths who are entering upon the business of life write a clumsy and inelegant scrawl that might almost be written with the left hand.

DWELLINGS FOR THE LABOURING CLASSES.

ANYONE who has the courage to venture into one of the narrow courts which run out of Drury-lane or Shoe-lane, or twenty other localities which might be named, will have two difficult problems to solve. How can the inhabitants live in this world? and, again, what chance have they for the next? It is impossible even to imagine, without seeing it, the picture they present of almost every phase of human misery, moral

as well as physical. And the dejecting influences which surround them: hunger, disease, rags, dirt, crime, a polluted atmosphere to contaminate the body, the conversation and example of thieves and prostitutes to contaminate the mind, are so numerous, so poisonous, and constant, that it must be a very hardy virtue indeed which can survive their neighbourhood. People living under such influences seem to be bad of necessity, perhaps, even, without the consciousness that they are so. For these boys and girls who, from their earliest years, have lived in a society whose code of morals has been settled by the most abandoned of both sexes, who have little or no idea of the outer world till they go forth to prey upon it but what they derive from the visits of the police, can hardly be said to live in a civilized and Christian land, or to lie under Christian responsibilities. They inhabit a totally different world from that which goes in fear of them, captures, arraigns, and hangs them. In the midst of civilization they are savages, and heathens in the midst of Christianity. And this by necessity! They cannot be otherwise. It is of no use preaching to them, no use showering tracts upon them, even if any one ever thinks of doing so. If they are to be civilized and Christianized, the large tracts of the metropolis in which they swarm must be cleared and rebuilt. When we have housed our Arabs as well as we do our dogs and horses, we may preach to them with some effect; not till then.

To some extent, this work has been commenced, partly because railways have knocked down so many habitations of the working classes, partly by means of the benevolence which is ever active amongst us, partly because Alderman Waterlow has persuaded a few capitalists that the building of homes for the poor will pay. Some eight or ten years ago the Society for Improving the Condition of the Working Classes, tried what could be done in the way of renovation in one of the dingiest and filthiest courts in London. They selected Wild-court, not far from Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn, for the experiment: bought up the leases, and commenced their labours by carting away several loads of filth and vermin which were literally dug off the floors. With a bountiful supply of air and water, they purged the fever den from top to bottom; put up cupboards, &c., where before there had been nothing but bare walls; and on every landing stationed a water-closet and put on a supply of water, whereas previously there had been but one convenience and one waterbutt for the whole court. Whether the society made it pay or not, we cannot say; but they set the example, they showed what could be done towards rendering habitable even existing tenements. And now, in several parts of the metropolis are springing up dwellings built expressly for the labouring classes. At Columbia-square, Bethnal-green, Miss Burdett Coutts has built, at a cost of £50,000, four blocks of houses, each five storeys high, forming a square, with a large commodious playground in the centre. They contain 189 separate apartments, inhabited by 705 persons, who pay rents varying according to the number of rooms from 5s. 6d. to 2s. a week, making a gross annual rental of £1,800. When one thinks what an odour of squalor and misery is emitted by the very name of Bethnal-green, it is pleasant to read that in Miss Coutt's oasis "flowers and creeping plants adorn most of the windows of the occupants," and that "the whole place has an air of cheerfulness and comfort in marked contrast with the squalor and poverty of some parts of the surrounding neighbourhood." Then we have the "Peabody block" of buildings in Commercial-street, Spitalfields, built out of the fund given by good Mr. Peabody to the London poor, from which fund also a new set of buildings for the same purpose, but three times as large as those in Spitalfields, will shortly be commenced in Lower-road, Islington. Following these good examples, the City of London has set apart a plot of ground near Farringdon-road, Clerkenwell, and has voted a sum of £120,000 to erect similar blocks. Next, we have Alderman Waterlow and his company, between whom houses have been or are being built in Finsbury, Bagnigge-wells-road, Old-street (St. Pancras-road), King's Cross-road, Wapping, and Southwark.

Here we have altogether accommodation for some 5,000 individuals. But in estimating the civilising influence of these new buildings, we must remember that they give housing only to those whose homes have been scattered by the railway invasion of London, and who did not reside amongst the Arabs of the city. The great haunts and nurseries of crime, where vice is habitual and virtue a miracle, remain. But once it can be shown that to throw them down and rebuild them will pay, we shall have hope that a deep shame and reproach to a Christian nation will before very long be removed, and that

those extensive regions, unknown except to the police, swarming with thieves, prostitutes, and outcasts, will become the sites of such buildings as those Miss Burdett Coutts has reared in Bethnal-green, and Mr. Peabody—at least, his money—in Spitalfields.

THE COMMISSARIAT OF THE POOR.

THE poor are every way victims to cheapness; and their lives furnish a continuous solution of the vexed problem, how a candle may be burned at both ends simultaneously. The joint effect upon them of an overcrowded labour market and of fierce competition in trade, is to make their incomings progressively smaller; while, driven by the pressure of poverty and scant remuneration, to the cheapest markets for anything they may need, they are exposed, more than any other class, to the constant hazard of loss or mischief, by reason of the frauds and adulterations practised by dealers in inferior articles. The poor suffer most, however, where they have least suspicion. They look upon the purveyors of prepared food as among their best friends, forgetting, meanwhile, that the tradesman's greed of gain is of necessity in excess of his benevolence. The nature and the channels of the food-supply of the masses present a wide subject for investigation, and it is not unequal in importance to the adulteration of food. It is possible, and probable, that some of the diseases which prevail with such virulence at times among the lower orders are engendered, wholly or partially, by the objectionable compounds of which they partake.

The food markets of the lower classes are numerous, and they are generally well supplied. The nature of the supply is variable, depending upon the season of the year. Home cooking is exceedingly limited during the summer months. Notwithstanding the periodical severity of poverty, and the uncertainty of employment, in the winter months, it is then that the people practically fare best; fires are kept burning during the day, and the quantity of animal food actually purchased and consumed is greater than in the moderately warm or decidedly hot weather. Advancing spring brings out boldly certain distinctions of habit, not hitherto noticed, amongst working men. The working painter, often absent from his home for long periods, purchases his food apart from the family supply, which is, of course, most economically obtained. The journeyman carpenter or engineer, when fully employed and at a distance from his dwelling, dines at a coffee-house or dining-room, or in a tavern parlour, and generally arranges for the daily dressing of the portion of meat he purchases for his own consumption. The "navvy," or brick-layer's labourer, almost invariably carries his food wrapped in a handkerchief. The lath-render will purchase his dinner, and have his tea or coffee taken to him by some member of his family. An artisan of a superior class will patronise one coffee-house or dining-room, taking such food at his dinner each day in succession as the proprietor is accustomed to provide. Workmen whose pursuits compel them to live with their families depend for their food supply upon sources which are happily unknown in practice to the well-to-do artisan, the respectable tradesman, and members of the professional and monied classes. These workmen form, perhaps, one half of the industrial population. They comprise the journeymen boot and shoe-makers, turners in wood, bone, and ivory, tailors, brush and basket makers, and the manufacturers of a thousand-and-one articles of household use which can be procured at furnishing ironmongers', and which were at one time hawked from door to door in poor localities; to these must also be added the repairers of nearly everything bearing a name. The position of the population in any locality can generally be ascertained, in the summer months, by ordinary observation of the provision stores in the principal streets. Near factories, butchers thrive; while, in the same neighbourhoods, taverns (not public-houses without parlours), and coffee-shops appear in good numbers. Dining-rooms, where a meal of any sort can be procured, are placed in the midst of merchants' and lawyers' offices. Respectable coffee-houses, where some one article of food is dressed on each week-day, will be found near large printing establishments. Where working-men's families and their male heads dine separately, and their dwellings are clustered together, butchers' shops display chains of sausages, huge tins of saveloys, piles of black-puddings, and monster dishes of cooked pork, beef, and pease-pudding, and at night are redolent of "faggots"—the great delicacy of the poor. Similar stores of victuals, together with great pieces of cooked beef, bacon, and ham, exposed in the windows of general shops,

are abundant in spots where one or two rooms suffice for all the uses of a family—for kitchen, sitting-room, dormitory, and workshop. Besides these depôts, and in addition to the places established for legitimate trade in the most necessary articles of food, there are special businesses, some in and others out of doors, which furnish in the summer months, and even in winter, a very considerable portion of the food supply of the more destitute among the labouring population.

It is not our province here to inquire into the profitable nature of any one of the branches of trade to which we have referred in passing, nor have we to pass any sweeping censure upon the management of the more respectable establishments. The ordinary dining-rooms may be safely left without further remark than simply to record the caution exercised by observant persons to avoid soups, lest the same dish should happen, by accident, to be twice brought from the kitchen. Your thorough-going "cook-shop" in a poor district is sometimes imagined to be a region of impenetrable mystery; but the light has occasionally been let in in rather a curious way. A large trade has, in one locality, gone on for more than fourteen years in baked plum-pudding, which is innocently supposed to be compounded of raisins, flour, salt, and suet, but which contains a large proportion of barley. A well-known establishment in the south of London is famed for its soups, which are reputed to adhere marvellously to the ribs of their consumers—a quality attributable probably in no slight measure to the quantity of size put into them. In the retail butchers' shops may be seen any day sausage-chains long enough, if properly linked together, to put a girdle about our island, if not round the earth; sausages varying in shade from dull whitish-brown to deep red. These "delicacies" range in price from fourpence to sixpence a pound. The colour is assumed to represent the quantities of bread, herbs, and meat, used at the respective shops. In some cases, however, colouring matter is employed, and in more than one instance red lead has been detected. Any harm that might result from so dangerous a practice is doubtless lessened by the process of cooking; but even then the fat is frequently eaten upon potatoes or bread. Raw meat and bread-crumbs are the chief components. Quantities so large are sometimes made, that the meat is minced in a machine worked by horse-power. Saveloys are scarcely so much to be trusted as sausages, the meat of which they are composed being in the first instance not always uncooked, and therefore sometimes positively tainted. Herbs and strong seasoning are freely employed, as well as bread-crusts thoroughly soaked, and afterwards squeezed perfectly dry and placed in the skins, prior to the saveloys being boiled. We have met with a pork salesman who pronounced it impossible properly to manufacture saveloys from meat that is fit for human consumption; but we doubt if the outer public will agree with him. It must occur to many persons that the quantity of meat remaining unsold in the butchers' shops is not uniformly the same. This circumstance will account for the fluctuations in the supply of these compounds of bread and meat. At the ham-and-beef shops, however, the supply is always unfailing, but the saveloys are less palatable. These are made "on the premises," but purchased by the retail dealers, like periodical publications, "on sale or return,"—stale articles being exchanged for fresh ones by the saveloy-manufacturers, who send their carts regularly to a large number of shops. When the stock of pieces and inferior joints at the shops of respectable butchers falls short, the manufacturers buy up whole diseased carcasses, some of which have certainly died natural deaths. The process of converting a diseased bullock into saveloys is simple and speedy, eight hours sufficing to quarter, salt (in very strong brine), mince, season, and slightly cook it, so as to render detection impossible. By no other means is it possible to ensure so large and regular a production of saveloys, as the necessities of the ham-and-beef shops require. Black-puddings are less liable to pass through objectionable processes; yet the question is worth entertaining, how much disease existing in the blood of bullocks, which forms one of the principal ingredients of these compounds, passes into the bodies of the poor by means of black-puddings? Saveloys are often termed, among the lower orders, "bags of mystery;" but "faggots" are the greatest puzzle of the retail pork-shop. Swimming in liquor, and giving forth a strong scent of herbs, they appear like balls of meat; but here again, bread is pressed into the service. Unsaleable and often diseased plucks of sheep and pigs, and spoiled cooked meat, chopped fine, with bread, spice, herbs, and a large admixture of pepper, are rolled and pressed into a ball, which is then baked; and some water in which salt pork has been boiled is poured upon the faggots, to increase the quantity of "gravy." Faggots are cooked only at night, when, in some

localities, persons with jugs, basins, dishes, &c., crowd about the shop doors. As a faggot, with bread, suffices for a meal, a supper is thus provided, which possesses the advantage of cheapness, and the attraction of being very savoury.

The nose and ears, even without the eyes, give immediate information of the vicinity of a particularly poor district. The principal thoroughfare in the heart of such a neighbourhood is filled, at mid-day and at nightfall, with strong scents and with the noise of cooking; and the appearance of those who engage in the operation is, as a rule, far from cleanly. Mackerel, unfit for human food, are here sold extensively at twopence each. Whitings are renamed haddocks, and sell largely in proportion to their unsoundness; the fish changing colour best, in the process of curing, when they are no longer fresh and wholesome. Baked potatoes become an important article of trade. Stewed eels and pea-soup are sold in shops and in the streets. Fish fried in linseed oil emit a powerful smell. The poor who feed upon such things seldom themselves dress a dinner except on Sundays, and, imprisoned as they are in close, ill-ventilated rooms, and breathing a poisoned atmosphere, the strong seasoning of much of their food is positively essential to their enjoyment of it.

It must not be supposed, however, that the poorest among the poor are without luxuries. Within the last three or four years these have been greatly augmented. Street oyster-stalls are more numerous than formerly. The trade in whelks prospers, although not one in fifty of those sold is fit to be eaten. Cheap and unsound shell-fish can be purchased everywhere. The custom is becoming general to sell mussels and cockles, besides eels and whelks, already cured and cooked. A thriving trade goes on in baked sheep's heads and stewed rabbits. Shops for the sale of penny pies abound. Pig's feet can be purchased of sexagenarian women with baskets at public-house doors. Currant bread is sold in Lambeth at an advance of $\frac{1}{4}$ d. in the price per 4-lb. loaf. But surely the greatest luxury is the cheap cake now so generally sold, and so generally purchased by children with their stray pence, and by families for birth-day anniversaries and Sunday teas. The currant cake is so tempting to the eye that who can wonder so many purchase it? It may be true that some of the dripping mixed in the dough is purchased wholesale at the horse-slaughterer's or the bone-boiler's; and the rich colour of the cake is due partly to coarse sugar and partly to unclean treacle. The trade in cake affords employment to a host of shopkeepers and manufacturers. It originated shortly after the great fire in Southwark in 1861. Damaged currants, burnt flour, and Russian tallow, recovered from the neighbouring sewers, were sold at a nominal rate; and the purchasers opened shops for the temporary sale of cake. The cake found purchasers, and a brisk sale sprang up. Some persons thought the cessation of the trade was a contingency to be staved off, if it were possible; and they somewhere discovered the means to continue to sell cake at a profit to themselves for a price below the cost of sound common flour, dripping, and wholesome currants.

It is far easier to describe, as we have done, the more injurious details in the commissariat of the poor, than to devise anything in the form of a radical remedy. Important as the subject unquestionably is in its relation to the health of the people, it seems impracticable to attempt any new scheme of social improvement or legislative action. A domestic revolution, changing the position, improving the manners, and elevating the habits and tastes of the lower classes, is the only thing equal to the accomplishment of all that is desirable. Meanwhile, why should not the provision made by the law for the examination of butchers' shops be everywhere carried into practice? Were this matter duly attended to, the sale, whether open or disguised, of diseased meat, would in a great measure be checked. There would remain, however, a large sphere of useful and profitable exertion, inviting the increased activity of the founders and supporters of cheap cooking depôts.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

PRINCE and Princess, and the little Prince Victor, arrived at Elsinore on the 6th inst., in the royal yacht, *Osborne*. The King and Queen of Denmark, with the Crown Prince and the Princess Dagmar, were waiting for them, having reached the harbour shortly before the *Osborne* arrived. The special correspondent of the *Standard* describes their meeting:—

"There was the Prince and Princess on the paddle-box, waving their handkerchiefs to the delighted parents and relatives on shore, and at last the baby was brought forward and held high up in arms, that the grandparents might have an early view. The good King and Queen could stand it no longer. It was evident some considerable time

must elapse before the large ship could be got round to her place, and a boat was ordered from the Danish yacht, and the royal family hastily embarked, the great standard of Denmark was unfurled at the fore, and lusty arms pulled them quickly to the gangway of the *Osborne*. Even in humblest life the scene which now ensued would have touched the hardest heart. The captain of the yacht first came down the gangway, with his cocked hat in hand, to receive and assist the King, and as his Majesty was ascending, the Prince of Wales, with hat off, met him, and a long-grasped and most cordial shake of the hands ensued. Fast follows the Queen, but the King is before her, and a graceful figure rushes across the deck of the great ship to meet him, and flies into his arms, and kisses him again and again. And now comes the poor Queen's turn, who I had already seen shed tears when from shore she caught the first glimpse of her child, and mother and daughter are so locked in each other's arms that I thought they would never separate. Then come brother and sister. But one member of the family has not yet been introduced, and on that little being the whole interest of the amiable family before us seems now centred. They seem to forget all else, and it at once brings the Prince into the inner circle as one of those most interested. It is the child of our English hope. How they stoop over it! How they look at it! How they kiss and hug him! The King evidently, in the presence of these grave Englishmen around, desired to show no more affection at the moment than was consistent with his dignity. But his kindly nature conquered his kingly office, and at last he stooped down and loved and kissed the little creature even more warmly, if that were possible, than the others."

Though some of the Copenhagen papers had done their best to damp the enthusiasm of the people, they seem to have greeted the Princess and the Prince cordially:—

"Loud and reiterated hurrahs burst from the crowd far and near as her Majesty the Queen is seen issuing from the ship, leaning on the arm of her son-in-law, the Prince of Wales. The King follows, leading the beautiful Princess, in her simple white bonnet and pale lavender-coloured silk dress and black silk visite; and as she recognised some of her old friends, and smiled graciously on every side, showing those magnificently white teeth, which lend such a charm to her exquisite beauty, I am altogether inclined to withdraw any assertion I have ever made, that the bride of the Russian, if he be the accepted of that most graceful and lovely of Royal ladies, the Princess Dagmar, will equal the bride of the Englishman. As to the Prince himself, everyone was delighted with him, and we all remarked that wonderful improvement that everyday takes place in his personal appearance."

The streets were lined with soldiers, the house-fronts gaily festooned and ornamented with flowers. Nothing was wanting to indicate the heartiness of the welcome which the Prince and his wife received.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

THE Empress of the French is winning golden opinions at Schwalbach, in the Duchy of Nassau, where she has taken up her residence in a new villa belonging to M. Arnold Herber. This villa had been selected as the residence of the Empress of Russia when her Majesty was at Schwalbach, in July last, but she did not occupy it, as it was discovered that the owner entertained liberal opinions: so at least say the newspapers. The Empress Eugenie has put aside all Imperial airs, if she ever shows them, and lives and acts in such simple manner that Schwalbach is fain to contrast her favourably with the Legitimist Empress, Marie Alexandrowna. She refused the state carriage and escort sent by the Duke of Nassau to meet her at the railway station, and drove to her residence in a hackney coach. This seems to have paved the way for a popularity greater than has been enjoyed by any other guest of rank at Schwalbach this season. The people are much pleased by her ordering away all the gendarmes who had been placed, in gala uniforms, in the promenades, and near her residence. A Frankfort letter says:—

"At 9 o'clock the Empress returns for breakfast, takes her bath at 12, her dinner at 2 o'clock, then makes an excursion to Schlangenbad, Hohenstein, or some beautiful spot in the vicinity, and in the evening she returns to the springs; at 8 o'clock she takes her tea, and at 10 everything is quiet in her house, night has set in—she lives, therefore, in the German fashion. Though attired with great taste, she always appears in plain dress, without any jewellery, embroidery, or flying ribbons."

Her Majesty drinks the waters and enjoys the promenades just like any other visitor. "She appears," says another writer, "sometimes to walk as if she were rather weak, and uses a small walking-stick, but otherwise she looks well, and has become rather inclined to *embonpoint*. Her dress is said by those who understand such things to be simple but elegant, and the lower portion is of very moderate dimensions—a fact which augurs well for the comfort of the human race during next year." It is not, however, to her Majesty's simplicity or graciousness that her popularity is wholly to be attributed—the "forbearance" shown by France during the Danish quarrel is its more substantial basis.

A WINTER JOURNEY.

IN the winter of 1861-62, when the *Trent* affair was near embroiling us with our American cousins, we sent to Canada troops sufficient to raise its garrison of 3,000 men to between 10,000 and 11,000. Halifax was fixed on as the rendezvous of this increased force, which had afterwards to be conveyed in small steamers across the Bay of Fundy to St. John, New Brunswick,

and from St. John to Rivière du Loup, which is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway. The journey was made in sledges. This part of it—a distance of 316 miles over a gloomy track—occupied from ten to thirteen days, and the men traversed it in detachments of 150. Dr. Muir has made a report of their transit, and the following extracts from its abridgment may interest our readers:—

"The sleighs were drawn by two horses, and contained eight men each, placed *vis-à-vis*, the bottoms being filled with hay or straw. The men were not allowed to loiter or lounge about before getting into them, but passed from their warm rooms to their seats charged with as large an amount of caloric as they were capable of imbibing. During the journey they were encouraged to get out and run alongside in turns, in order to maintain their animal heat. They started between 7 and 9 o'clock a.m., and generally reached their halting-place for the night in about nine hours. They had a hot meal before starting, another with coffee or tea at the midday resting-place, and a hot substantial supper awaited their arrival at their billets for the night. The command of telegraphic communication was of unspeakable advantage. Half a gill of rum was included in the rations, not from any belief of its necessity or even suitability, but because, being considered by the soldier as his *summum bonum*, the prospect of it was thought likely to stimulate and encourage him, while its small quantity could exercise no prejudicial effect on his health. The rum was served out either at the midday or supper meal. Some delay was occasionally caused by snow-storms, and the road through New Brunswick was very bad; but in Lower Canada the Government had kept it open by snow ploughs and rollers."

The weather—the first detachment was despatched on New Year's-day—was unusually mild; and, though the thermometer touched the low figure of 25 degrees, the effects of so intense a cold were comparatively little felt, as there was little wind, and the health of the men was excellent:—

"Of a force of nearly 7,000, not more than 70 claimed admittance into the hospitals *en route*, and nearly all eventually returned to duty. Excluding two fatal cases, directly attributable to excess in drinking, only two men died—one from pneumonia through hard drinking, and one from enteritis. Eleven cases of frost-bite occurred, but only one man was seriously injured—both his hands required amputation. Of the seven cases of pneumonia all got well, with the exception of the fatal case just mentioned. The other affections were trifling attacks of diarrhoea, occasioned by drinking, to which not a few gave themselves up when they had the opportunity. Such a journey in mid-winter was an operation of some peril, and called for forethought and sanitary precaution; but the arrangements were eminently successful. Dear-bought experience bore its fruit; our military organization was proved equal to the sudden strain, and the men were placed in Canada with rapidity, in excellent condition and fit for taking the field."

BEER.

If beer is to be adulterated, and we are to buy and drink more than we bargain for, it is consoling to know that, as a general rule, the materials employed in its adulteration are not injurious to health. But though we thus get over one difficulty, and feel that in the majority of instances the question lies only between good and bad beer, and not between wholesome and unwholesome beer, there is still room for dissatisfaction and complaint. Mr. Phillips, the principal of the laboratory of the Inland Revenue Department, has just given us the results of his analysis of twenty-six samples of beer and of materials of adulteration found in the possession of licensed *brewers*;—not publicans, mind, for these have their own materials for doctoring and liquoring; so that before our beer reaches us, if we are so unwise as to get it from the Blue Lion or the Green Dragon, it has passed through a double process of adulteration. Of the twenty-six samples of beer, Mr. Phillips found that twenty were illicit. In fourteen of these samples, he found the prohibited articles called grains of paradise—grains which, however fit for Eden, are by law unfit for beer. In one of the fourteen he found, beside the prohibited grains, a portion of tobacco; in two others, *cocculus indicus* was present in large, and even dangerous quantities; two samples contained capsicum; and two others, proto-sulphate of iron. Indeed, Mr. Phillips tells us that, while the object of the brewers is to increase the bulk of their goods, not to poison their customers, he still adds that there can be little doubt that the practice of adulterating beer with poisonous matters, such as tobacco and *cocculus indicus*, is more prevalent than might be inferred from the small number of detections made; for detection is an uncertain test, as the fraud is difficult to discover, unless the offender is caught in the act. We are thus driven to conclude that, while the brewers, in pursuit of their own interests, are desirous to injure the public as little as possible, they find it, as a rule, impossible to cheat them successfully without, to some extent, poisoning them.

But while Mr. Phillips makes these remarks only of brewers, it is well known that they are equally applicable to publicans also. Luckily we in London appear not to suffer so much from *cocculus indicus* and grains of paradise as some of our country cousins. Mr. Phillips states, that the adulteration of beer with drugs, as distinguished from the mere dilution or increasing of the bulk of the article, is more prevalent in the Midland Counties and the West Riding of Yorkshire than in any other parts of the kingdom. Why the practice should exist anywhere, if Government did its duty, we cannot see. Mr. Phillips says in his report that it would be an act of mere justice to the community to publish the names of persons convicted of adding *cocculus indicus* or other dele-

terious substances to their beer; and then with super-official courage he "feels no hesitation" in stating that two such instances occurred in the neighbourhood of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire. This, if it has any effect at all, only confounds the innocent with the guilty; for if there are but three brewers or publicans in "the neighbourhood of Wirksworth," the innocent third will bear as much public odium as the guilty first and second. The better and bolder plan would be, whenever a brewer is convicted of dabbling in grains of paradise, to print the fact in a conspicuous part of his premises, and whenever a publican is found guilty, to notify his conviction over his door, for so many days or weeks.

THE WEATHER.

It would seem as if we were to be compensated for the long drought by an unusual supply of rain. Mr. Thomas Du Boulay, of Sandgate, attributes both to the influence of the comet, and maintains that it is not a mere fancy, as some have supposed, that comets influence the weather. Their influence in this respect he conceives to be a tendency to restrain atmospheric disturbances and rainfall for about ten days or a fortnight on either side of their passage of the perihelion, that is, for about three or four weeks altogether; and after that period, as they farther recede from our system, to promote rainfall and aerial disturbance. "The great drought of 1864," he writes, "ended in the latter days of August or beginning of September. A real general spell of wet weather then occurred, and not before, sufficient to set the grasses growing which had long been at a standstill. The comet of 1864 had at the end of August just passed its perihelion about a fortnight. It was nearest the earth on the 8th, and passed the perihelion on the 16th of August. In this instance, therefore, general dryness and general wet coincided with the appearance of the comet at those parts of its orbit which I have named." Mr. Du Boulay goes on to notice the coincidence of the fortnight of fine weather which began on the 1st of July in the tempestuous summer of 1860, with the comet which was visible at the same time, and was at its perihelion on the 1st of July. After the 14th, the bad weather returned. So in 1861, when another comet was at its perihelion about the latter part of May, that month and the beginning of June were unusually dry. And in 1862, about the end of August, yet another comet arrived at its nearest point to the sun, and exactly a fortnight after that point was passed a rainy period set in sufficiently general to cause the price of wheat, which had been retrograding, to rise 2s. per quarter in Mark-lane. Such coincidences are noteworthy.

STREET MUSIC.

MR. BASS'S bill is not to be a dead letter, though there are people, it seems, who are disposed to meet it with a mischievous opposition. Some days back Mr. Fox, a merchant, living at Gloucester-place, Paddington, requested an organ-grinder to go away from his house. Mr. Fox had a sick child suffering from an affection of the arteries at the seat of the brain. A more just cause for putting the Act in force could not be imagined. Yet, when he requested the man to go away, the fellow refused, and, what is worse, the bystanders encouraged him to remain where he was and continue playing. There are, no doubt, people who take a delight in seeing others inconvenienced, without reflecting how severe the inconvenience may be, or perhaps to what consequences they may expose themselves, in such an instance as this, by aiding and abetting persons who are breaking the law. If such misconduct is repeated, the only resource will be to give the abettors as well as the principal offender into custody.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.—A coroner's inquest was lately held on the body of a female child, named Francis Hurlbut, only two years of age, who had been drowned in a well by two girls, one seven and the other ten years of age. The atrocity of the case is almost unparalleled, and almost inconceivable. The murderesses, whose name was Long, were the children of poor and dissolute parents at Paterson, beyond Newark; the father a loafer, the mother a drunkard. The latter was in gaol the very night on which the crime was committed. The girls decoyed the poor little child Hurlbut away, stripped her entirely naked, and then, in the presence of a rabble rout of vagrant children like themselves, threw her into a well. The corpse of the little victim lay there some days before suspicion was excited, and the assassins were compelled, in American parlance, to "own up." But I cannot do better than transcribe literally the comprehensive and characteristic heading to a six-column narrative of the affair in the *National Police Gazette*. It runs thus:—"Precocious Ferocity—A Monster Child Murder at Paterson, N.J.—Two little girls of seven and ten years the murderers—They kidnap an infant two years old—They strip the child naked—They throw it into a well over twenty feet in depth—A rabble of children witness the tragedy—Wild scene at the well—The youthful felons burn the child's clothing on a stove—Excitement over the lost child—The town bellman rings and cries the alarm through the streets—Discovery of the body—Great shock of the neighbouring public—Arrest of the murderers and the coroner's inquest—Committal for wilful murder—Shocking evidence of deliberate atrocity—Full confession of the criminals—They are lodged in the county gaol—Remarkable instance of family depravity—Neglected youthful education illustrated—Rare sweetness of the murdered child—Its burial, &c., &c., &c." Make a separate line of each of these terse sentences, and print them in every variety of big type, and you will admit, I think, that the force of penny-a-lining can no farther go.—G. A. Sala.

SINGULAR CAPTURE OF A PAIR OF FOXES.—As the gamekeeper of a gentleman, living not ten miles from Preston, was going his round in the wood early one morning last week, he espied a very large dog-fox fastened by the neck between two trees growing close together. Although apparently exhausted by his attempt to release himself, the cunning of the animal appeared to have saved its life; for on the keeper approaching, Reynard did not pull in his head, or try to escape by that means, as it was an experiment he had doubtless tried before until nearly suffocated. He simply showed his teeth. But the keeper was as cunning as the fox, and, by the help of a fishing-net he had in his pocket, he secured his legs and head. Thus captured, his head was easily lifted from between the saplings. Beyond a slight bruise on one side of his neck, the fox had not been injured, although he must have been captive for hours, as he appeared quite famished. At the hall he was put into a kennel near the stables, with a chain round his neck. On the second morning after his capture, as the keeper was taking him his usual meal, he discovered another fox, of equal size, lying by the side of the prisoner, and the strange animal, on seeing him, darted away. The keeper believed this to be a bitch fox, which would in a night or two venture into the kennel again. The following evening he missed two Cochin China pullets and a bantam cock, but the she-fox was not in the kennel. On looking inside he discovered the feathers of the birds, although the cunning occupant was fastened by a chain. It became evident now that the she-fox was the thief, and had robbed the hen-roost, and that the prisoner in the kennel had received, at any rate, a portion of the property, well knowing it to have been stolen. A trap was set, and a night or two afterwards the bitch fox was caught in a net, and then the pair were taken by the keeper, and, in the presence of the squire and several other gentlemen, were suspended by a cord from an apple tree, as a terror to others of the tribe.—*Preston Herald.*

TEACHING THE DUMB TO SPEAK.—M. Mary has introduced into London a system which some time since caused much interest in Germany, for teaching dumb persons to speak. To the majority of the community this may appear a startling, nay, an absurd proposition, but it is one, nevertheless, which, we believe, will stand the test of proof. Having obtained a perfect aptitude for the finger alphabet, the pupils are gradually trained in the systems adopted by M. Mary, which is carried on without mere signs, the basis of the system being what is termed artificial lip pronunciation. We were invited some few days since to M. Mary's residence in Bulstrode-street, where we met two pupils, one a little French girl, of only eight years of age, who spoke several sentences in French, of which we understood nearly every word, and replied to questions addressed to her by M. Mary merely from watching the action of the mouth. Whenever M. Mary pointed to any article of furniture, &c., in the room, she immediately gave the word by which it was known. A young man, another pupil, who had been for some six years in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and who, of course, was perfectly *au fait* at writing answers to questions put to him, had only received fourteen or fifteen lessons, was able to articulate many words, and to understand what was said to him by watching the movement of the mouth of his preceptor; but having received so few lessons it could not be expected that he should have made much progress.

MEXICAN JUDGES.—An impartial administration of justice can never be arrived at until a severe example has been made of any judge who shall dare to violate the trust reposed in him. At present, the venality of these gentlemen is beyond belief. A case occurred not long back, where a suitor, who was clearly entitled to a verdict in his favour, was informed that the judge had already written out his judgment, which was to be delivered on the following morning, and that it was dead against him on every point. The unfortunate suitor was, of course, in despair, when a friend, well acquainted with the customs of the country, said to him, "Authorize me to dispose of \$5,000, and I will answer for the result." The authority was given, and it is needless to add that "justice" was done. Imagine not that this is a solitary case; there have been thousands. To attempt to palliate such conduct is, of course, out of the question; still, the system is more to blame than the men. The judges received little or no pay; they depended entirely on what they could extort from the suitors. Pay the judges well, make them amenable to public opinion by the publication of every case, and render them independent of the Executive, and I firmly believe you will find as honest men in Mexico as elsewhere.—*Times Letter.*

CONCILIATING AN AUDIENCE.—I remember a story of a certain comedian, by the name of Walsh, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. This gentleman never rose higher in his profession than to enact those useful but humble individuals in livery who announce the arrival of visitors to the principal personages in the drama. One evening, a great tragedian being on the stage, it was Mr. Walsh's duty to come on, attired in plush, and say, "My lord, the coach is at the door." This, being all that was laid down for him, he said; but, directly afterwards, advancing to the footlights, and addressing the gallery, he continued with much animation, "And allow me to add, that the man who lifts his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of a Briton." This sentiment brought down a tornado of applause, but on retiring from the stage the actor was pounced upon by the great tragedian and asked how he had dared to overstep the limits assigned to him. "I'm very sorry," quoth Mr. Walsh, "but it's my benefit next Monday, and I've got to conciliate the audience as well as you, Mr. Macready."—*G. A. Sala.*

EARL CARLISLE.—The amiable nobleman who now represents his Sovereign in Ireland is well known throughout the length and breadth of the land, not for his kindly disposition, not for his literary efforts, such as they are, but—I blush to say it—on account of his saltatory performances. Now, the Irish are a keenly sensitive people, almost absurdly alive to a sense of the ridiculous, and, much as they may wonder at the activity of an elderly gentleman whirling through the mazes of Sir Roger de Coverly, with the garter flashing on his knee, and exhibiting a nimbleness which, if possessed by younger men, is never practised in this generation—still they do feel a certain sense of

humiliation at the spectacle, and a kind of notion seems to haunt them that were they held of much account by the Imperial Government, a man of sterner mould would be sent to rule over them.—*Correspondent of Daily Telegraph.*

IN LUCK.—A Baden letter mentions that Mlle. Keller, an actress of the Palais Royal Theatre of Paris, who had arrived in that city, determined to try her luck at the gaming table, and was fortunate enough to find herself, at the expiration of three quarters of an hour, a winner of 37,000 f. She was so wise as not to tempt the fickle goddess any further, and the same day started for Paris, probably wishing to resist the temptation to play again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DISCOVERY OF DIALYSIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The following is the translation of a letter from Mr. Graham, which appeared in the last weekly number of the *Mondes*, in reply to a communication on the subject of M. Dubrunfant's alleged anticipation of the discovery of dialysis, which was published in the number of that journal for the 11th August. I have reason to believe that Mr. Graham's letter was duly forwarded on the 15th August, although not published till three weeks afterwards:—

"As a constant reader of the *Mondes*, I could not fail to observe the account given in a recent number of that journal of a new process invented by M. Dubrunfant, and patented on the 22nd June, 1863, to extract sugar from molasses by dialysis. I have little doubt that by dialysis through parchment-paper, M. Dubrunfant might succeed in separating gum and a portion of the colouring matter from molasses, but the earlier process of the same chemist, patented on the 1st April, 1854, appears to be different in principle and intended to effect a separation of crystalline salts, but not gum and colloid colouring matters, from sugar, an effect which, as you justly observe, is not dialysis. For neither animal membrane nor parchment paper has any effect in separating different crystalline substances from one another. All such bodies when in solution pass through membrane with the same facility. The separation of salts from sugar which was observed by M. Dubrunfant could only be very partial, and I may be allowed to say that it is simply the effect of the greater rapidity of diffusion in water possessed by the potash salts than by the crystalline sugar contained in the molasses. In fact, as is directly proved in my memoir of 1854, that the interposed membrane goes for nothing in this phenomenon. A great number of separations by diffusion of artificial and natural mixtures of salts (as, for instance, sea-water) are described in my memoir on the diffusion of liquids, which is printed in the 'Annales de Chimie et de Physique' for May, 1850 (t. xxix. p. 197)."

It is to be observed of Dubrunfant's first patent of April, 1854, that it does not effect a dialysis, but the separation (very partial) of crystalline salts by diffusion, which had been previously exemplified in great detail in Mr. Graham's original paper on liquid diffusion, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1850, or four years before. Again, the second patent of M. Dubrunfant, dated 22nd June, 1863, is manifestly founded on Mr. Graham's paper on dialysis, published a year earlier, in 1862, from which the use of parchment paper has been borrowed by the patentee. Yours, &c. S. S.

EL DORADO INVESTMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In your issue of the 3rd of September, there is an interesting article upon the subject of the Financial Association, which has now assumed the title of "The Crédit Foncier and Mobilier."

You naturally ask whence such enormous profits could be derived out of five months' transactions, and on a capital so limited? And you think that the directors can hardly expect to gain the confidence of the public unless some explanation is given.

I quite agree with you. The results are so far beyond and beside all commercial experience, that it seems to be impossible they should have fairly accrued; and yet the fact is certified by a large board of "good men and true," who are not likely to put forward an untruth, or to have entered into rash speculation.

The question then arises, how have these profits been acquired? I judge from the report put forward by the directors that the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier undertake to guarantee loans between other parties, that the paid-up capital is not used at all or only in small proportions, and that the nature of the transactions is that of collateral security. In the address to the shareholders, we are told of a loan of £300,000 for five years, which had been guaranteed between the City offices and some other concerns; and no doubt for this same guarantee the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier would receive a handsome bonus to cover the risk; and many such transactions in five months would certainly produce a large percentage of profit on a small capital.

But then the question is, is that profit a divisible quantity? Is it final profit? or ought it not rather to be reserved until the transaction guaranteed has been adjusted and closed? If the present shareholders divide the profits as they come in, future shareholders may chance to inherit enormous risk without any compensation.

As far as I understand the question, the transactions of this association might be compared to that of ship-insurers or underwriters, who should divide the premiums as they were received, without awaiting any advice of the safe arrival of the ship and its cargo.

But I may be wrong in my conjectures. The immense dividends declared by the Crédit Mobilier may have been the fair proceeds of legitimate trading. It rests with the directors to enlighten the public. Like a witness that is too good, the undue amount of the dividends has a tendency to damage the cause it was intended to sup-

port. The public are shy of golden baits, in an age of shams, and the directors would do well to satisfy the world that their fine dividends have been properly available, without indenting upon capital, and without leaving a large residuum of future risk.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A FUNDHOLDER.

[We publish one of several letters on this subject. It is evident the public fail adequately to appreciate the value of "The Crédit Foncier and Mobilier" as an investment, if the profits be assumed as having been legitimately earned. This is shown by the quotations at which the shares stand in the market. The character and position of the Directors would seem to call for some fuller and better explanation than has yet been afforded. It surely must be considered reasonable for men of business to inquire by what means the marvellous results described in the report have been attained.—ED. L. R.]

"OUR ROADS AS THEY ARE AND AS THEY SHOULD BE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In your *Review* of the 3rd inst., I notice a letter under the above heading, referring to my communication of the 13th ultimo; your correspondent, Mr. Wilson, asks for "such further information as will enable the public to profit by the proposed improvement."

I beg leave, therefore, to state, that the composite paving-blocks of which I gave a description, may be seen at Morden Wharf, near the "Sea Witch" public-house, East Greenwich, where the process of manufacture may also be witnessed by any one interested in the subject, on application to Mr. Rutledge, superintendent of the works, who will point out the specimens of pavement laid down in the Trafalgar-road, Greenwich, which have withstood the heavy traffic for so long a period, and have contrasted so favourably with the wear and tear of the ordinary macadam road, as mentioned in my former letter.

Samples of the improved pavement may also be seen by any of your readers at the office of Mr. R. M. Latham, 71, Fleet-street.

Although the introduction of any new system of road-making may tend to interfere with *certain vested interests* of the road contractors, as alluded to by Mr. Wilson, it is surely incumbent on the Parochial Boards and Vestries having charge of our roads to have some consideration for the pockets of the rate-payers and inhabitants, who might not only be benefited in being relieved from the accumulated nuisances of mud, dust, noise, and danger to horses, but also in a pecuniary point of view, by an important diminution in the parochial rates.

That such reduction can be effected, is, I think, satisfactorily demonstrated by your very able article on the state of our roads, as evidenced by the reports of Professor Mahan, and other eminent engineering authorities, with reference to the roads in France, in which country it is stated that by an increase in manual labour, and by a reduction of material, a saving of six millions sterling has been effected during a period of four years, and that the roads have been maintained in the best possible condition by means of heavy rollers, which consolidated the material and to a certain extent prevented the small stones from being ground into mud and dust by the traffic.

There can be no doubt that a much greater saving would be attained by adopting the improved plan of imbedding the broken stone in a bituminous cement of an impermeable character, as described in my letter of the 13th ult., and most of the evils already adverted to would by this means be effectually remedied.

Mr. Wilson very justly complains, not only of the macadam, but of the solid granite blocks, "which, from their slipperiness, occasion such danger to horses," and "the incessant noise of carriages rolling over the pavement is so severely felt as to render it difficult for individuals to hear each other speak in shops, clubs, or any rooms facing the streets, that requisitions have been frequently made to the authorities for the substitution of some paving of a less objectionable nature."

He further adds that, to one of these requisitions, "the signatures of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Palmerston, and other influential inhabitants of Piccadilly, were attached, including several members of club-houses and residents in the neighbourhood of Pall-mall, Oxford-street, St. James's-street, &c.; to which requisitions no attention has been paid." Hence, he remarks on "the necessity for the exercise of the power given by Parliament to the Board of Works for the supervision of paving, in addition to other Metropolitan works."

I trust, sir, that, by means of your powerful aid, the attention not only of the Board of Works, but also that of the Metropolitan Members of Parliament (whose constituencies are naturally interested in the question) will be directed to the evils so justly complained of, and proper measures be adopted for securing to the public the best description of road at the minimum cost.

It is well known that mud, or the ground-up debris of our roads, can never form a cement strong enough to bind the macadam together in a mass sufficient to resist the traffic to which it is subjected; and as it is generally admitted that "prevention is better than a cure," it is undoubtedly preferable to make use of the macadam in blocks, combined with a powerful cementing medium, as described, than to cart the stones and scatter them broadcast in the slovenly manner now practised, the evil effects of which you have so properly pointed out.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Great George-street, Westminster,
September 14, 1864.

CIVIL ENGINEER.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I am really most unwilling, out of regard for the patience of your readers, to enter into a controversy with "A Lover of Antiquity,"

who is evidently very much nettled at my former observations, and is not likely to prove a very good-tempered antagonist, but cannot let his letter of last week pass without remark.

I give your correspondent credit for the sagacity with which he detected the omission of a negative in one paragraph of my letter, which had the result of making me say the very reverse of what I had intended, and also for his refined criticism of my style and composition, which would do him honour in a Civil Service competition; but with regard to architecture I would submit that, having been educated as an architect, and having had the advantage of foreign travel, as well as some experience at home, I may without presumption assume to be at least as well qualified to judge of church restoration as your correspondent, who is avowedly merely a "Lover of Antiquity," which I take to mean a gentleman who, having nothing better to do, busies himself with matters he does not understand. In his last letter he says that the only object of his tirade against church restorers was to elicit information—a rather unlikely mode, I should say—and while admitting that the rector may be solicitous for the preservation of his church, insinuates that he has been actuated by a disposition which is scarcely compatible with a proper care and reverence for the church entrusted to his keeping.

I am enabled to say, on very good authority, that no alterations or additions have been made to the church since some three or four years ago, when about £4,000 were laid out by the St. Alban's Abbey Restoration Committee, chiefly in repairs to the roof and foundations, under the superintendence of Mr. G. G. Scott. The buttress referred to was then rebuilt, having become quite ruinous, under Mr. Scott's personal supervision; and so carefully was the restoration carried out that the corbels under the hood-molds were left in block, because there was some doubt as to the character of the carving, although they had evidently been carved originally. Some other buttresses were repaired, but it was only found necessary to rebuild one.

I do not know whether this statement will satisfy a "Lover of Antiquity;" but it seems to me that a work, initiated by a clergyman who has laboured for the last thirty years to improve his church, and which was carried out by a committee of the inhabitants of the district, under the superintendence of the most eminent architect of the day, can scarcely want any excuse as to its necessity or mode of execution.

I am, Sir, yours obediently

J. H.

"THE COMING WINTER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Permit me to protest against the extravagant predictions headed as above in your last week's paper, because they are calculated to bring into contempt the painstaking and scientific meteorologist, by associating him with the astrologer, or, as he is now called, "astro-meteorologist."

I may add that Mr. Hind, of astronomical celebrity, condemned this chimerical "ology" as absurd in the *Times* of 1861.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Weston-super-Mare, Sept. 12, 1864.

W. H. Wood.

THE CHURCH.

MR. SPURGEON AND HIS CHAMPION.

WE promised to return to Mr. Landels' championship of Mr. Spurgeon. The opportunity now offers; for Mr. Spurgeon has published a letter announcing his withdrawal from the Evangelical Alliance, as a too peaceful association of Christians for his warlike nature, and Mr. Landels has preached a new sermon of the gentlest possible pugnacity. In fact, Mr. Landels has too much of the milk of human kindness in his nature to enter heartily into Spurgeonism. Notwithstanding "the verdure of eloquence" and "keenness of intellect" which it is the delight of penny-a-liners to attribute to him, there is "a placidity in his countenance" which betokens a heart ill-fitted to sympathize deeply with the assumptions and presumptions of the hero whose cause he has espoused. His first sermon was a spasmodic effort at severity; but the attempt so summarily to expel nature was a signal failure. His heart was stronger than the spasm, and the spasm was overcome; but that same heart, by the limitations and restrictions of his words which it so unwisely suggested, only entangled him in a more hopeless quagmire of contradictions. How very different is Mr. Spurgeon! He was a man of war from his youth. The rush, the shout, the crash of controversial strife are the natural homes in which he loves to dwell. His hand is against every man, even when their hands are not against him, if only he can find them tripping in some inconsistency on Baptismal Regeneration. He revels in warfare, and is the very pattern of a war-Christian. Be he condemned, abused, ridiculed, pounded, bespattered, still he is never subdued. Opposition only calls forth his best powers; and then he is at home, standing forth, stout-hearted as a lion, to make battle with his fiercest adversaries. Better still, poetry, in some future age, will record of him that,

"Even though vanquished he could argue still."

Mr. Landels' second sermon scarcely calls for criticism on the present occasion on our part. It treats almost altogether of the purely doctrinal question, whether infant baptism is allowed or taught in Scripture. The real question in the present Spurgeon controversy is, not whether infant baptism is Scriptural or otherwise, but whether the Evangelical clergy, who believe that it is, but yet do not believe in baptismal regeneration in Mr. Spurgeon's

sense of these words, are honest or dishonest, faithful men or liars and perjurers. From this question Mr. Landels, in this sermon, has retired, and therefore, so far as help for Mr. Spurgeon is concerned, we may look on him as having withdrawn his forces from the field. There is, indeed, some little indirect help given, but it is of the feeblest kind—the merest whisperings of aid. Mr. Spurgeon's name is mentioned only twice, and on one occasion with disapproval, because in his opinion Mr. Spurgeon needlessly weakened his position by "not dealing with the question of infant baptism,"—a slip which, he says, adversaries have "dexterously taken advantage of." In our opinion Mr. Spurgeon was quite right. His champion, with his usual logical blindness, is mixing up two totally distinct and independent things—the question of the propriety of infant baptism, and that of the honesty of the Evangelical clergy in administering it through the use of a particular form of words. That these are distinct questions is evident from the simple consideration that, if the words objected to were removed from the Prayer-book, Mr. Spurgeon's charge of dishonesty against the clergy would immediately fall to the ground. Expel the word "regenerate," and a few others of a like bearing, from the Baptismal Service, and Mr. Spurgeon would concede that there could be no dishonesty or inconsistency in the Evangelical clergy remaining in the Established Church, and still administering infant baptism. Other dissenting denominations baptize infants; but Mr. Spurgeon never dreams of bringing charges of perjury against their clergy for so doing. The question is solely as to the words "baptismal regeneration," and not as to the thing "infant baptism." Entrapped by some fatality which attends his reasonings into a most unhappy confusion of thought as to these two very different things, Mr. Landels rebukes his beleaguered friend for not being as muddle-headed as himself, and then imagines that he is contributing something more than usually valuable to the controversy by an Essay on Infant Baptism.

But while Mr. Landels' gentle logic thus pales in the dissolving view into utter feebleness, the boldness and presumption of the war-Christian expands into the most gigantic proportions. Perfectly confident, as every one who forms his opinions on narrow views always will be, of the truth of his accusations, he casts charity contemptuously aside in order to secure for himself freedom of action for the contest in this mock race after truth. Mr. Spurgeon is the apostle of truth—the only apostle—a second Daniel come to judgment; and what matters then the Evangelical Alliance and the truce which it endeavours to maintain between contending sects? The Saviour came not to bring peace upon earth, but a sword. Mr. Spurgeon dreams that he is a worthy disciple of so great a Master in trampling on the Evangelical Alliance and proclaiming war to the knife against the Established Church. Mr. Noel had endeavoured to instruct him on one cardinal point of Christian ethics, that charity is the greatest of the three great gifts of God to man, and had appealed, in confirmation of his teaching, to the pledges Mr. Spurgeon had given to the Evangelical Alliance to observe that sacred duty. The gentle pressure of this appeal was too sore and too inconvenient for a man of Mr. Spurgeon's stamp to be responded to. It would have required a sacrifice of pride and confession of error which it would be gall and wormwood for a war-Christian to make. Therefore charity is flung to the winds, the Evangelical Alliance is trampled in the dust, and Mr. Spurgeon has written to its committee a letter which, for boldness and presumption, far outruns all his former literary effusions. He strikes Mr. Noel a backhanded blow by raking up a passage out of his work on "the Union between Church and State," in which Mr. Noel recapitulates the many abominations which make the Established Church reek with rottenness, and he contends that his own "personal imputations" are nothing to these.

Mr. Spurgeon says:—"In my censure I did (at least, in my own judgment) avoid all rash and groundless imputations." The italics are his own. His patience has been wonderful. "I have waited long and patiently for signs of reform in the conduct of these ecclesiastical brethren, and I have not spoken until my hopes of their spontaneous repentance have expired." To wait so long was, indeed, very kind and considerate; but these ecclesiastical brethren may well ask, "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?" As to "making personal imputations"—one of the things forbidden by the Evangelical Alliance—to this charge Mr. Spurgeon pleads not guilty. I have "imputed nothing," he says, "I have not imputed such conduct to the brethren in question." But then he becomes witty. "I have proved it, alas!" he adds. Certainly he has proved it; but only, as he said before, "in his own judgment."

But Mr. Spurgeon is as gentle as a cooing dove. In comparison to Mr. Landels he is as innocent and as harmless as the newly-born babe. He never imputed lies, perjuries, dishonesty, and immorality to these ecclesiastical criminals; but, alas, he only proved them. And yet he declares, with the coolest naïveté, that he "has been, in the sermon complained of, as gentle and as meek as so crying an evil permitted." If this be Mr. Spurgeon in his quietest moods, what must he be when he is in angry ones? The gorilla bellowing and thumping his chest, on whose habits Mr. Spurgeon once so cleverly lectured, would be a poor picture of a rage, the opposite extreme of which was the gentleness and meekness of this sermon. We sincerely trust, for the sake of the women and children about the Elephant and Castle, that Mr. Spurgeon will always be able to keep on the good side of his temper. But whether Mr. Spurgeon be gentle or harsh, "a bigot," "an accuser of his brethren," or "what not else that is infamous," he says

that he will not retract. "What I have spoken I have spoken." His resolution is taken with "clear conscience;" and in words of all the "increased emphasis" which italics can give them, he "impeaches before the bar of Universal Christendom the men who, knowing that baptism does not regenerate, yet declare in public that it does; if Christendom will not consider the impeachment, let it stand on record before the merciful face of the Great Head of the Church, and let Him do as seemeth Him good."

Did human folly ever reach a higher flight of absurdity? What does Christendom care about Mr. Spurgeon or his ravings! If Christendom were to pronounce any formal sentence, it would be condemnatory of the madness of the prophet. Or does Mr. Spurgeon mean by Christendom, the Baptist Denomination? If he does, even that small section of universal Christendom is against him. The rest of Christendom has already given its opinion, and there is no use in his further appealing to it. He did well to reserve the possibility that Christendom might not consider the impeachment. His resource in that case is that this impeachment should stand on record before the Great Head of the Church. So it will, he may be assured; and so will the ravings of all like religious monomaniacs and enthusiasts. But in what respect will Mr. Spurgeon be benefited by this record? Does Mr. Spurgeon conceive that "the Great Head" will make him His counsellor, and favour him with a special revelation of His will? "I impeach!" Who is the mighty "I" that utters these words? The apostle Paul never spoke with greater assertion of authority; and yet he had the miraculous gift of discerning of spirits, which Mr. Spurgeon most assuredly has not. St. Peter condemned Ananias and Sapphira, because, through this same gift, he saw the depth of their sin. No person professing to have a particle of sense would dare to assert a similar knowledge of the consciences and convictions of his fellow-men without a similar gift, or, at least, without an evidence so overwhelming as not to leave room for the slightest shadow of doubt. And what is the evidence on which Mr. Spurgeon impeaches clergymen? That of the words "baptismal regeneration." We protest that it is a gross breach of charity to impeach any man as guilty of dishonesty through any words, unless the meaning of those words can be ascertained without possibility of doubt. If a single doubt remain, the charge is uncharitable. And what is the meaning of regeneration in this case? No one can fix it. The expression occurs only twice in Scripture (Matt. xix. 28 and Titus iii. 6), and, on both occasions, it has different meanings. How, then, can a man who professes to draw his religion from Scripture dare to condemn his brethren through an expression which even in Scripture has not a fixed meaning; farther still, by a word which, in the Greek language, has various meanings? Cicero used it to express his own return from exile; Marcus Antoninus applies it to spring; Josephus to the restoration of the Jews; and Philo Judeus to the immortality of the soul. Thus various are its meanings both in ancient and modern languages; and yet Mr. Spurgeon can see only one meaning. Bengel says that regeneration in Scripture is only a periphrasis for baptism, and he distinguishes it, as Scripture does, from the "renewing of the Holy Spirit;" but Mr. Spurgeon is blind to all these things, to all facts, to all theological literature, interpretations, and judgments; he impeaches honest men falsely, and yet dreams that he is as gentle as a lamb, and a very pattern of love, charity, and humility. When a man labours under such self-delusion, it is hopeless to attempt to reason with him. We only hope, for his own sake, that his is not the judicial blindness which precedes a fall.

BISHOP COLENZO IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

If the Bishop of Capetown has damaged his case against the Bishop of Natal by acts of hastiness and indiscretion, he may be thankful that Dr. Colenso, on his side, is undoing the mischief by other acts of a like tendency. The late proceedings in Leicestershire will certainly not improve Dr. Colenso's position in public opinion. It would have been much wiser had he contented himself to remain quiet, and await the result of his approaching trial before the Judicial Committee. Whatever the general feeling may be as to the real merits of his case, there is but one opinion among Englishmen as to the necessity of his having a just and a fair trial. It is true that the Judicial Committee is not a tribunal in which the Church can place much confidence; but as long as it is the recognised legal Court of Appeal on questions of doctrine, the best and wisest course is, for the time at least, to submit to its decisions. It may, after all, turn out that the judgment may be more satisfactory than the antecedents of that Court should lead us to anticipate. Unless some legal difficulty interpose, it is hard to conceive that it can be otherwise. How can the teaching of a bishop be pronounced sound who believes not only particular parts, but integral portions of the Sacred Volume, to be fables and falsehoods, whose notions of miracles are of a most problematical kind, and whose doctrinal creed, so far as his books indicate, differs very little from Deism? If the judgment be adverse on the question of doctrine, Dr. Gray may, if he thinks well, form a Free Kirk in South Africa, under his own supremacy; but assuredly at home, a cry of indignation will be raised which, whatever may be the present inconvenience of the judgment, will force on Government the necessity of reforming the old, or creating a new, Court of Appeal—a Court in which the nation can have confidence, and which will save the Church of England in the future from the further encroachment of false doctrine.

Whatever, then, people may think generally on these points, there can be only one opinion as to the indiscretion of the late proceedings in the parish of Claybrook. It was scarcely becoming in Dr. Colenso to force himself, against the bishop's will, into the diocese of Peterborough. It is true he found there willing tools to assist him in an attempt of the kind; but, being himself a bishop, he would have secured public respect more by keeping out of another bishop's diocese, where his presence was unacceptable. The temptation was great, no doubt, to beard, after the example of Brother Ignatius, the lion in his own den; but pulling an adversary's hirsute appendage—if Dr. Jeune is so adorned—is scarcely an act of sufficient dignity for episcopal hands to engage in. But, whatever opinion may be formed on this point of etiquette, Dr. Colenso is now committed, and must abide the consequences. It would be almost cruel to attack the aged incumbent, whose ill-judged invitation to Dr. Colenso to preach a sermon for the parish schools, afforded the occasion for this silly exhibition. It is unusual to see clergymen of such advanced years and experience with such "advanced ideas." His age, however, is his protection and his excuse. But who is the Rev. Lewis Wood? And what pretensions has he to stand forward so boldly as the champion of the Bishop of Natal? He is represented in the newspapers as being "the curate" of the Rev. R. H. Johnson, the vicar. But when we look into the Clergy List of this year, we find that no curate is mentioned as being in the parish of Claybrook. We look in another part of the List for the Rev. Lewis Wood; but again we fail to find him, unless he be the individual significantly represented as L. C. Wood, without any appendage to his name in the way of academic degree, or any words indicating his being curate of any church, chapel, or parish. There is, under such circumstances, only one of two inferences to be drawn. Mr. Wood is either a very young clergyman, a newly-fledged curate of the present year's manufacture, or he is an amateur curate of independent means living near Claybrook, and kindly helping the aged incumbent. In either case, in our opinion, the public will not attach much weight to his sermon. If the first supposition be the right one, he is a bold and presumptuous young man for one so unexperienced. If the second conjecture be correct, his independence may account for his boldness; but the fact of his not being a regular working clergyman of the Church will take seriously from the value of his opinion.

But we are asked to believe that Dr. Colenso is the Great Apostle of Christianity of the day. He has been to Claybrook to nail up his theses, like Luther, and proclaim the advent of a new Reformation. Or, like the Wesleys and Whitefield among the Kingswood colliers, he is the man to originate in this age a great Revival of Religion. "We thank God (says Mr. Wood), that we have lived to see this day; a day of increased light; a day of hope for the Church of England." High sounding words, surely! But where is the *increased light*—this wonderful cause of hope and reason for thanksgiving? We earnestly should like to see it. We have said it, and repeated it again and again, that we can find no outline of a definite system of doctrinal religion in or about Dr. Colenso—nothing beyond a religion of mere shreds and patches. Miracles are gone; the historical veracity of the Bible is gone; Inspiration is, in his hands, some nondescript impulse of the soul which is to be found in Heathendom as well as in Christendom. In a word, we can find nothing but Natural Religion, or Deism. The fact that Dr. Colenso chose for his open-air sermon at Claybrook the text "Our Father in Heaven" confirms the conclusion—the only one at which we feel it possible to arrive—as to the "Increased Light" which Dr. Colenso proposes to give to the world as the great Reformer of the nineteenth century.

SUPERSTITION IN IRELAND.—The *Tipperary Free Press* gives an account of some late superstitious practices in Carrick-on-Suir, in Ireland, which exceed in absurdity the amusing experiences of the Great Wizard of the North in his visit to that town. It seems that a woman, named Doheny, contrived to impress the people in her locality with the belief that she possessed powers of witchcraft, and, by means of the hopes and terrors which she inspired, levied large contributions from her dupes. Amongst those whom she succeeded in deluding were two constables, to whom she pretended to make prophetic revelations, and to recall to their presence visions of their departed relatives and friends. The ghosts, however, were creatures of very substantial appetites, who required to receive daily supplies of meal, potatoes, tea, and other articles. One of the "departed," who was father-in-law of one of the policemen, retained his partiality for smoking, and the dutiful constable sent him regular allowances of tobacco. A correspondence with the deceased was also carried on through a mysterious post-office of the Santiago style. The constables at length became embarrassed in their circumstances, and this led to an inquiry before the magistrates. What makes the matter more singular is, that the policemen still implicitly believe in the delusion. Some facts, however, have been ascertained by the magistrates, which will probably lead to the detection of the wicked "witch."

THE KIDNAPPED CHILD COEN.—The *Evangelical Christendom* for September says, respecting the child Coen, that the Pope has offered £1,000 sterling for his father's consent, in order to allay the storm, and the official gazette has been obliged to speak on the subject, though insisting that young Coen has long desired to become a Christian, and that he is now happy amid the caresses of the priests. With a refinement of malice, the father was told that he might see his son, but an interview with the mother was forbidden, an offer which the poor man dared not accept, owing to a law stringently enforced in Rome, and which all those of Hebrew birth knew right well, that any

Jew daring to approach or pass this Asylum of Catechumens is immediately seized and imprisoned within its precincts for forty days, during which time he is catechized, and has to pay fines to the establishment and to his gaolers. The Italian press is lifting a loud protest against the toleration of such inhuman practices on the part of the French. Cases of this nature occur frequently, though it is rare that they acquire the celebrity which this one is likely to have.

BAPTISM OF A HINDOO UNIVERSITY STUDENT.—The last *Evangelical Christendom* states that a young Hindoo student of the University of Calcutta, named Behari Lal Chundra, has been baptized at the Free Church Mission in that city. He is an educated Bengalee, who, having become convinced of the truth of Christianity, adopted the Quaker view of baptism, in order to escape the sacrifice which invariably accompanies it when administered to a Hindoo. After eight or nine months' effort, an intimate friend became also spiritually awakened, and resolved to join him in living a Christian life. At first, his friend, like himself, was for dispensing with baptism; but the views of Kali Charan Banerjee, as he is called, undergoing a charge, Behari was led to re-examine his position. The result was a conviction that it was his duty to take the same step. The necessary arrangements were made, but when the hour for the administration of the ordinance arrived, he was a prisoner in the house of his relatives. Subsequently he escaped from their hands, almost naked, and was baptized. Both the young men are candidates for the ministry.

DR. SHENKEL'S "LIFE OF JESUS."—The reply of the superior Ecclesiastical Council of the Grand Duchy of Baden to the clerical petition that the author of this work should be dismissed from his post of Director of the Protestant Seminary of Baden, is a very remarkable document. The Council says that, "as the superior authority of the Evangelical Church, they are not a tribunal called on to sit in judgment upon the productions of theological literature." They declare that they "honour every theological conviction in which they discover the result of a serious and sincere investigation." And then, after alleging that this liberty of investigation, which they have inherited from the Reformers of their Evangelical Church, is not only not dangerous to the faith in Jesus Christ, but the only condition on which its truth can be manifested with clearness and glory, they conclude by expressing their conviction that, "To endeavour to understand the historical facts which are the foundations of our faith and our Church in a better manner than the Christianity of the past had been able to understand them, is not to disturb those foundations. We are, therefore, fully convinced that in our days an authority of the Evangelical Church should not permit a servant of the Church to be molested for having honestly and sincerely endeavoured, with favourable success or otherwise, to make us better understand the Lord Jesus Christ, the Master of our glory, than our fathers understood Him."

A RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN MEXICO.—A missionary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, who is labouring in Texas, gives an account of a change as to religion which is fast coming over the Mexican people. A conviction, he says, is rapidly gaining ground that the Catholic religion is a system of error. The Mexican people are weary of it, and would be glad to be relieved of its shackles. A Jesuit priest at Brownsville had openly denounced its doctrines, and embraced the religion of the Bible. He had first laboured zealously for the propagation of his first religion until a Bible came in his way. To his surprise he found in it more excellent principles than he had before known, and soon after announced his convictions to his bishop, who, however, pronounced him guilty of wicked ideas which he must abandon. With this demand the Jesuit did not comply; and now, though he has been subjected to a cruel persecution, he is engaged propagating his new opinions with no small success.

ANOTHER FRACAS ABOUT THE BRISTOL CONGRESS.—At the last meeting of the general committee held for maturing the arrangements for the approaching Congress, a singular objection was raised by the Rev. J. Hawkesley to the selection of the Very Rev. the Dean of Ely to preach the inaugural sermon. Mr. Hawkesley admitted the ability of the Dean, but contended that he was not conversant with the history of the Church, and was not such a person as would be enabled to set before them such principles as might guide them in what might take place in the Congress. Mr. Hawkesley had never heard of his possessing such a knowledge of the rites and doctrines of the Church as to render him competent to preach the inaugural sermon. Mr. Hawkesley considered Dr. Goode, Dean of Ripon, possessed that knowledge. This invidious speech took the committee by surprise. The chairman intimated that the selection of the Dean of Ely was made by Bishop Ellicott, and gave as his opinion that the Dean was a very able man, and, in his opinion, "one better calculated for the work could scarcely be found." Mr. Hawkesley's objection was unanimously overruled by the committee.

AN EPISCOPAL VANDAL.—Spanish journals exult in a recent achievement performed in the small but ancient republic of Andorra, a Pyrenean valley, recognised both at Paris and Madrid as neutral and self-administering. The Bishop of Urgel had brought down a visitation on the inhabitants, had broken into the domicile of a resident Andorrian, the only possessor of a library in the land, had sacked the shelves of his book-case, and made a book-fire in the market-place of a most luminous (or voluminous) character.

IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.—A return made by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland states that, since 1847, 248 churches in Ireland have been (or are being) enlarged, 67 of them entirely rebuilt on a larger scale; 47 new district parish churches have been erected; in 91 churches additional accommodation has been provided by alteration of pews and fitting; so that in the whole additional accommodation has been, or is being, supplied in 386 cases. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have also erected or enlarged 42 licensed places of worship in cases where they had not funds to build churches. The Commissioners have received in the course of the sixteen years private subscriptions amounting to £78,120 towards the enlargement and the improvement of the churches above referred to.

THE RESTORATION OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.—The appeal made to the public at the recent public meetings held at Worcester, Warwick, and Birmingham, in the diocese of Worcester, has resulted in a very liberal sum being raised towards the completion of the restoration of this cathedral. The amount estimated to be required, in addition to the £30,000 already spent, is £32,000, and there has already been subscribed one half of that amount, £16,223. 19s. being the present amount of subscription. The estimate of Mr. Hughes, of Bristol, for the restoration of the tower has been accepted, and the work will be proceeded with forthwith. The amount of the estimate is not made known.

THE TAMWORTH CHURCH-RATE CASE.—Subscriptions are being raised to defray the costs incurred by the churchwardens in this remarkable church-rate case. The amount of the rate in dispute was only £1. 14s. 1½d., and the defendant only gained his cause against the churchwardens by a flaw in the rating. The costs amounted to £2,000, of which the defendant has to pay £330, and the churchwardens over £1,500. The suit has, however, had the effect of placing church-rates on a firmer legal footing than before. Nearly half the sum has been already subscribed to pay the churchwardens' expenses, and it is trusted that the friends of the Church will not be backward in soon making up the other half.

INCREASED EPISCOPATE IN INDIA.—A scheme is said to have been submitted to the Secretary of State for India in Council for the subdivision of the existing Indian dioceses. The plan comprises the erection of three new sees—one at Agra, for the North-Western Provinces; one at Lahore, for the Punjab; and one at Palametta, for the missionary province of Tinnevely.

MAHOMMEDAN CONVERTS.—A correspondent writing to the *Record*, says, that forty Mahommedans who had declared themselves Christians, have been sent to Syria from Constantinople, and are now at Acre, where they are condemned to work at the galleys.

CRUCIFIXES FOR GAOLS.—At the annual session of the magistrates of Lancashire, held at Preston, on Thursday week, the following motion was put, and after an animated discussion, adopted by a majority of 23 against 18 votes:—"That upon the recommendation of the visiting justices of the House of Correction at Preston, a sum not exceeding £40 be granted for the purchase of the vestments, chalice, linen, crucifix, candlesticks, and other articles necessary to enable the Roman Catholic minister to celebrate the services of his Church."

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE Birmingham Festival Concert of Wednesday evening, including Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" (Hymn of Praise), and the Thursday morning's performance of the Messiah, call for no remark beyond a record of the general perfection with which the various pieces were given. At the concert of Thursday evening Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new cantata "Kenilworth" (words by Mr. Chorley) was the chief feature. There is some pleasing music in this work, the style of which, however, is clear and simple rather than ambitious or elaborate, and shows a desire to attain something like a distinctive national character, crossed, however, by frequent traces of Mr. Sullivan's admiration for Mendelssohn. There is some rather elegant music in the scene, introduced with some temerity by Mr. Chorley, from the "Merchant of Venice." There is quaintness of character, too, in the dance movements written in imitation of the old style; but the popular piece of all will doubtless be, as we predicted in our notice of the London rehearsal of the work, the song for Arion, "I am a ruler on the sea," Mr. Santley's splendid singing of which had probably much to do with the encore which it obtained. The solo parts were most efficiently sustained by Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Cummings, the latter gentleman replacing Signor Mario, who was unable to fulfil his engagement at the festival. By his readiness and efficiency on this as on several previous occasions, Mr. Cummings has placed himself in an advantageous position, which it rests with himself to improve to high purpose. Of Mr. Sullivan's and Mr. Smart's cantatas, and Mr. Costa's oratorio, we shall doubtless soon again have occasion to speak on their repetition before a London audience. Friday morning's performance, consisting of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Mozart's Mass, No. 12; Guglielmi's "Gratias Agimus," by Mdlle. Adelina Patti; and a selection from Handel's "Solomon," presented nothing for comment beyond a reiteration of our previous remark on the general excellence of the execution. Friday evening was devoted to Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," instead of the usual miscellaneous concert; thus forming a worthy and appropriate climax to one of the most splendid series of musical performances ever given even at a Birmingham festival. It is gratifying to find that the results have been successful in every way—a consequence that usually attends on management so liberal and energetic as that of the Birmingham Festival administration.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.—The first prize of ten guineas offered by this Institution for the best organ piece has, according to the report of the umpires, communicated to the *Musical Standard*, been awarded, by unanimous decision of the judges, to a composition by Mr. Henry Hiles, of Manchester.

A CHORAL festival of 5,000 voices, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, will be held at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the 24th. Her Majesty has been pleased to grant Mr. Martin permission to include in the programme a Chorale composed by his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, with which the festival will commence.

SCIENCE.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BATH.

THIS great annual gathering of the scientific and curious, including a good share of the female sex, has commenced its proceedings for the present year in the ancient town of Bath. On the first day of meeting, the great subject for attention was the opening address of the new president, Sir Charles Lyell, Bart. It is usual on such occasions for the learned gentleman honoured with this office to take a general survey of the progress and present state of the department of science in which he has been distinguished. The rule in one respect has been deviated from on the present occasion; for, though Sir Charles Lyell's address was on the subject of geology, it has taken in but a small portion of the large field of inquiry included under that term. There were several subjects which might have been referred to—volcanic action, earthquakes, the general upheaval and subsidence of the crust of the earth, and the antiquity of man. But, as possessing more interest for the inhabitants of Bath, and, no doubt, to the general class of visitors to that *locale*, he selected for the subject-matter of his address the mineral springs for which that town has from the earliest times been celebrated. "The great volume and high temperature of these waters render them," as Sir Charles said, "not only unique in our island, but, perhaps, without a parallel in the rest of Europe, when we take into account their distance from the nearest region of earthquakes or of active or extinct volcanoes." When the Romans first landed on this island clouds of white smoke rose into the air over a large morass on the site of which Bath now stands. The hot springs which gave birth to this vapour were turned to useful account by a people who were well experienced in the luxuries of the bath; and soon on the favoured spot a thriving Roman city was built which flourished in the hands of this civilized people for near three hundred years.

The origin of hot-water springs, and the source of the gases which they contain, have long been subjects of attentive inquiry among geologists. On all hands it is agreed that the central heat of the earth is the principal agent concerned in the production of thermal springs. But the nature of that central heat, its distribution through the central parts of the earth, and the causes which affect its varying intensities in different places and at different times—these constitute the real difficulty of the question. The only supposition on which a theory can safely be built is, that under the crust of the earth there are vast spaces, or caverns, filled with molten matter, by the contact with which of water infiltrated from above, or by condensation of vapour escaping from below under pressure, hot springs are formed at great depths under the surface. The existence of water in the molten matter below the earth's crust is proved by the phenomena of volcanoes. One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the eruption of Vesuvius is the immense volume of steam which accompanies the expulsion of larva and ashes. This was remarked so far back as the time of Pliny, and compared by him to a palm-tree—a resemblance which has often since been noticed. It has been remarked that thermal springs are generally in the neighbourhood of volcanic districts, or in regions which have been much agitated by earthquakes, and that their temperature is uniform. Sir Charles Lyell observes that all the most celebrated hot springs in Europe, such as those of Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden-Baden, Naples, Auvergne, and the Pyrenees, have not declined in temperature since the time of the Romans. The same holds good of the Bath springs. This uniformity of temperature has been maintained in some places for more than 2,000 years. Not only is the temperature uniform, but also the volume of the water emitted, which never varies with the seasons, and also the identity of the mineral ingredients. The only exception to this rule is found during the shocks of great earthquakes. On such occasions the temperature of a spring is, for the moment, disturbed, as happened in the great earthquake of Lisbon, when a spring in the Pyrenees was raised as much as 75 degrees Fahrenheit. At other times there is a fall of temperature—an instance of which occurred in 1660, when the hot springs of Bagnere de Bigorre in the same mountain-chain became cold during an earthquake.

Another fact connected with thermal springs is that they are generally situated in lines along rocks which have been rent, and usually where they are "faulted." And this Sir Charles Lyell showed held good in the case of the Bath springs; for the geological observations made in the neighbourhood had revealed several lines of "faults" not noticed before, by one of which the strata had been vertically lifted so much as 200 feet. It might be supposed that Bath was an exception to the rule that thermal springs are near volcanoes. But on this point Sir Charles observes that "the hot springs of Aix-la-Chapelle have a much higher temperature, viz. 135° Fahr.; but they are situated within forty miles of the cones and lava streams of the Eifel. . . . Bath is 400 miles from the same part of Germany and 440 from Auvergne." Besides, there was a time when England was more rudely shaken by earthquakes than now; and the shock of October last was only a languid reminder of a force not yet altogether exhausted.

Besides the large quantities of nitrogen gas in the water of the rural springs, which Sir Charles Lyell considers to be derived from the atmospheric air which is always dissolved in rain water, and carried with it into the depths of the earth, there is the mineral matter. As mineral matter is brought to the earth's surface in volcanic eruptions accompanied with huge volumes of steam, so in

an analogous manner is it brought to the earth's surface in a state of solution in hot springs. The following illustration of the quantity brought up by the Bath waters alone in a year will give an idea of the vast effects of this elevating agency:—

"The thermal waters of Bath are far from being conspicuous among European hot springs for the quantity of mineral matter contained in them in proportion to the water, which acts as a solvent; yet Professor Ramsay has calculated that if the sulphates of lime and of soda, and the chlorides of sodium and magnesium, and the other mineral ingredients which they contain, were solidified, they would form in one year a square column 9ft. in diameter, and no less than 140ft. in height. All this matter is now quietly conveyed by a stream of limpid water, in an invisible form, to the Avon, and by the Avon to the sea; but if, instead of being thus removed, it were deposited around the orifice of eruption, like the siliceous layers which encrust the circular basin of an Icelandic geyser, we should soon see a considerable cone built up, with a crater in the middle; and if the action of the spring were intermittent, so that ten or twenty years should elapse between the periods when solid matter was emitted, or (say) an interval of three centuries, as in the case of Vesuvius between 1306 and 1631, the discharge would be on so grand a scale as to afford no mean object of comparison with the intermittent outpourings of a volcano."

But the most interesting circumstance connected with this uplifting agency is the part it performs in the formation of metalliferous veins, and metamorphism of sedimentary rocks. Strata of various ages, many of them once full of organic remains, have been rendered crystalline by a watery process of change, in which crystalline matter has been added on by degrees, by a deposition from liquid solutions. These transformations were formerly supposed to have resulted from fusion at an intense temperature, followed by gradual refrigeration. Sir Charles Lyell, however, has pointed out the improbability of this hypothesis, and the much greater simplicity of the theory by which he accounts for these changes. He says that "thermal springs, charged with carbonic acid, and with hydrochloric gases, are powerful causes of decomposition and chemical reaction in rocks through which they percolate. If, therefore, large bodies of hot water penetrate mountain masses at great depths, they may, in the course of ages, superinduce in them a crystalline texture." The presence of metallic ores and stony deposits in the cavities and rents of rocks, which has often puzzled inexperienced thinkers to account for, he ascribes in the following passage of his address to a like agency:—

"Hot springs are, for the most part, charged with alkaline and other highly soluble substances, and, as a rule, are barren of the precious metals, gold, silver, and copper, as well as of tin, platinum, lead, and many others, a slight trace of copper in the Bath waters being exceptional. Nevertheless there is a strong presumption that there exists some relationship between the action of thermal waters and the filling of rents with metallic ores. The component elements of these ores may, in the first instance, rise from great depths in a state of sublimation or of solution in intensely heated water, and may then be precipitated on the walls of a fissure as soon as the ascending vapours or fluids begin to part with some of their heat. Almost everything, save the alkaline metals, silica, and certain gases, may thus be left behind long before the spring reaches the earth's surface. If this theory be adopted, it will follow that the metalliferous portion of a fissure, originally thousands of feet or fathoms deep, will never be exposed in regions accessible to the miner until it has been upheaved by a long series of convulsions, and until the higher parts of the same rent, together with its contents and the rocks which it had traversed, have been removed by aqueous denudation. Ages before such changes are accomplished thermal and mineral springs will have ceased to act; so that the want of identity between the mineral ingredients of hot springs and the contents of metalliferous veins, instead of militating against their intimate relationship, is in favour of both being the complementary results of one and the same natural operation."

Speaking of the hot springs of Bath, Sir Charles is led to a subject of deep interest connected with the glacial period, and the elevation of the land which has followed it. There was a time when the Severn and Dee formed a marine strait, which separated Wales from England; but the adjoining country has been since elevated. This uplifting of the land is closely connected with the question of the former greater extent of glaciers. It is known that the glaciers of the Alps extended much lower into the valleys formerly than they do now. This, in Sir Charles Lyell's opinion, is owing to the elevation of the great African desert of the Sahara from the bed of the sea. Observations prove that this desert is, geologically speaking, of comparatively modern formation. The central part of Africa was once covered by the ocean, as is proved by the sea-shells, pebbles, and casts which now are found in abundance in the Sahara, and by the inland sea-cliffs with caves at their bases, and old sea beaches, which extend from the Gulf of Cades, in Tunis, to Senegambia. The effect of this vast elevated tract on the Alpine glaciers may be easily understood. The Föhn (a name which the Swiss give to the Sirocco which blows from this desert), sweeping over the wide extent of the burning sands of Africa, blows across the Mediterranean, and striking the Alps and Apennines, melts the snow on the southern summits with a rapidity which is surprising. On particular occasions a thickness of one foot of snow has disappeared during the prevalence of this wind. Sir Charles says that he himself witnessed its effects on the sides of Ætna, when in thirty-six hours the side of the mountain was stripped of its white covering under its hot breath. Now, if the effects of the Sirocco in the present distribution of land and water

south of Europe are so rapid, it is easy to conceive how much longer the snow must have remained on the Alps, and how much farther into the valleys the glaciers must have descended when there was no Sahara, and therefore no Sirocco. The truth which is revealed by these facts and the simple theory based on them is striking; for we learn from it how much more climate depends on the local distribution of land and water than on the direct heat of the sun. It is unnecessary to follow the President of the British Association further in this interesting address. We have directed attention to its leading features and the most interesting questions considered in it. Sir Charles did touch on the subject of the Antiquity of Man, but only lightly, and not with reference to any new feature of interest. Perhaps he has exercised a wise discretion in avoiding a subject which, even in these days of scientific progress, can only be handled with delicacy, on account of the difficulty of keeping it from sliding into the battle-ground of religious controversy.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROFESSORS Huxley and Owen are at issue upon the subject of the Bruinguel fossils. The latter considers the remains of man and the lower animals, found in the famous "cavern," to be contemporaneous, and of very great antiquity. Professor Huxley, on the other hand, looks with considerable distrust upon the contemporaneity of bones buried in breccia, and thinks there is *prima-facie* evidence that the human bones are far newer than the others. We believe there can be little doubt that, so far as our own knowledge extends at present, Mr. Huxley's opinion is certainly the better supported and more philosophical of the two conclusions.

A very important paper has been contributed by M. Claude Bernard to the French Academy upon the subject of the action of opium upon the system. This physiologist conducted a large number of experiments on dogs with the various alkaloids contained in ordinary opium, and he has drawn the following conclusions:—The alkaloids of opium possess three distinct properties—(1) that of producing sleep, (2) that of being convulsing or exciting, (3) that of being poisonous. In the soporific division comes, first of all, *narcotine*, then *morphine*, and next *codeine*. In the excitant division they are ranked thus:—1, thebaine; 2, papaverine; 3, narcotine; 4, codeine; 5, morphine; 6, narcotine. In the poisonous order they rank:—1, thebaine; 2, codeine; 3, papaverine; 4, narcotine; 5, morphine; 6 narcotine. Thebaine is the most powerful poison of all; a decigramme (about a grain and a half troy) of the hydrochlorate of this alkaloid, when introduced into the veins of a dog, killed the animal in five minutes, whilst a very much larger quantity of morphia, when injected into the blood of another dog, failed to produce any injurious effect whatever.

Mr. Tolles, an American microscope manufacturer, has devised a new eye-piece, which can be adapted conveniently to any instrument, and at once converts it, without further trouble, into a binocular microscope. The new invention is said, too, to possess many advantages over the arrangement of Mr. Wenham, which is that generally adopted in these countries. With Tolles' eye-piece a much more powerful objective can be employed than those used with our binoculars, and, moreover, according to report, the definition of the object is immensely enhanced.

The controversy between MM. Coste and Pouchet still continues. The latter has replied to the objections of the former, and has communicated a paper upon the subject to the last number of the *Comptes Rendus*. In the he successfully refutes the statements of M. Coste.

The generally-received opinion, that most malignant diseases are the result of the development within of the blood of certain animal or vegetable germs, has lately received confirmation by the inquiries of M. Davaine. This *savant* procured a quantity of the pus from a malignant pustule, and placed it under the microscope, when it presented thousands of those vegetable forms known to botanists as bacteria. To assure himself that no mistake had been made, he dried the remainder of the liquid, and introduced it into the blood of an animal, and the latter was attacked by disease of the spleen, and died in five days. An examination of its blood showed numerous bacteria.

The silkworm culturists of France announce the birth or hatching of a larvæ of *Bombyx Atlas*, an enormously large silkworm. This gigantic moth has never before been seen alive in Europe, and if it can be introduced into France it will prove of the greatest commercial value. Its cocoon is extremely large, and weighs nine grammes, whilst those of the ordinary worm do not exceed two grammes in weight. The grub lives on the leaves of a species of Berberry shrub. It is rather unfortunate that the hatching-out has occurred at so late a period, as it will render it more difficult to acclimatize it, owing to the approach of the winter season. Some fancy, however, that the depression of temperature which has occurred recently will prevent the remainder of the ova being developed till the winter is over.

The Commissioners of Inland Revenue record an extraordinary imposition which is practised upon snuff buyers in parts of Ireland. The snuff, it appears, is very largely adulterated with lime, and owing to the lax wording of the statute regarding the preparation of snuff, it appears that till a new Act is passed the adulteration-system may be continued. The law permits the use of lime-water in the manufacture of high-dried snuffs, such as Irish and Welsh, but it does not state what proportion of lime shall be present in the water, although there can be little doubt that a perfectly clear

solution of lime in water was meant. Many manufacturers, however, assert that such a solution is useless in the manufacture of the snuffs in question, and persist in the use of what may be termed lime-wash, or a thick mixture of undissolved lime and water. This vicious form of adulteration is almost entirely confined to the North of Ireland, where, it appears, the habit is very prevalent among the females employed in the linen and other factories, of taking snuff highly charged with lime, and which is known as *white snuff*; and the manufacturers allege, in extenuation of their dishonest practices, that no other description of snuff is acceptable to their customers.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MINT PRICE OF GOLD.

THERE are some few phrases in use amongst the scientific chroniclers of the events of the day which lead the uninitiated into errors, sometimes of a ludicrous character. Amongst them are the words we have set forth as the title of this article. People who know very well that gold is an article of commerce liable to fluctuate in value, are horrified at the idea of a fixed price for it at the Mint; and we have so often heard people who should know better inveigh against the ignorance of the principles of trade involved in a fixed price, as it is called, of gold at the national coining shop, that we will take the liberty, by their kind leave, of administering a little wholesome correction, which we will endeavour to invest with no penal character, to the fundamental error which they commit in the significance they attach to the phrase in question. As we desire to effect our purpose graciously we will at once admit that the word *price* is inaccurate, inasmuch as it involves the idea of purchase or exchange. The Mint buys no gold, and if it effects any exchange it is only of gold against gold, of gold in one shape for gold in another. And it will be seen at once that the price of a commodity cannot be expressed by itself. Before we come to any exchange indicating *price* we must compare the article sold with some other commodity. If the Mint gave three sovereigns in gold, seventeen shillings in silver, and tenpence-halfpenny in copper for an ounce of gold they would at once become purchasers of gold for the excess of weight between an ounce of gold and three sovereigns, but no further. But the Mint does not do this. It simply returns gold for gold. What it does is this:—Take it 10,000 ounces of gold and it will work it up for you into 38,875 sovereigns. Take it 5,000 ounces of gold, and it will work it up into 19,437 sovereigns and one half sovereign. Even if this left some small benefit to the Mint, which it does not, to meet the cost of doing the work, it is no more a dealing with gold as an article of commerce than the return of so much meal by the miller for a sack of corn is a dealing in either corn or meal. Neither is the corn sold, nor the meal purchased, but a mere mechanical operation is performed for which a charge is made. The office of the Mint is precisely similar to that of the mechanic who should cut up a yard of steel bar into thirty-six pieces each of one inch in length. If such an operation were a dealing in steel, or the purchase of steel at a fixed price, then the Mint deals in gold and fixes its price. But not otherwise. The analogy would be complete if the mechanic charged nothing for his work, and if, after having affixed a stamp to each piece of steel, it would pass current for whatever such a piece of steel might be worth.

"The Mint price of gold" is no price at all, then, but simply fixes the weight of the sovereign.

The fearfully puzzling question of "What is a pound?" may be resolved by the aid of the same considerations with a simplicity which must appear ludicrous to those who insist on its solution being either very abstract or very subtle and profound. A pound sterling is a piece of gold of a certain weight. Like everything else in the world of commerce it has no *value* but such as is created for it by the relation between demand and supply. The Mint price of gold fixes exactly what a pound is, and absolutely nothing more; it has no relation to the *price* of gold or to the *value* of a pound—these can only be ascertained by comparison with other standards of value. Thus, if the relation between the demand and supply of silver or of wheat in any two consecutive years is the same, but if it takes double the quantity of gold to buy the same quantity of silver or wheat in the second of the two years as would have purchased it in the first year, gold will have fallen *fifty per cent.* in *value* in the second year. But the Mint price of gold and the definition of a pound will remain the same. The Mint guarantees the weight of its sovereigns, but not their value, nor what they will exchange for.

They, then, who would wish to see a variable instead of a fixed price of gold at the Mint really wish, in effect, to have sovereigns of variable weight, and to see the question of "What is a pound?" made not merely difficult to answer, but unanswerable.

The price of gold, or its relative exchangeable value at one and

the same spot, is difficult to express, simply for want of a standard of comparison. The value of gold has for so long been so nearly uniform and devoid of fluctuation that the value of other commodities is easily expressed in gold, and we may safely say that corn is cheaper or dearer accordingly as its price in gold is less or more. But when we come to the value of gold as an article of commerce, we are compelled to express it in some commodity which is itself of a more fluctuating value than gold. Silver is, next to gold, the commodity least liable to fluctuation; but if it now takes, as it really does, less silver to purchase a certain weight of gold than it did some years back, it does not follow that gold is cheaper, for it may be, and in fact is, that silver is dearer, or in other words that the demand for silver compared with the supply is greater than it was some years since.

The large quantity of gold which, for the last twelve years, has been brought to market has not diminished the value of the metal, simply because there has been a corresponding demand; and now that we know something of the capabilities of the new auriferous tracts, and can judge somewhat of the probable effect of future discoveries, we are not in much fear that the income of fundholders will depreciate in value, and we grant leases for 100 years at a fixed rent in gold without much misgiving that our descendants will starve on what we find ourselves to be a decent competence.

But whatever may turn out eventually to be the price of gold as an article of commerce, the Mint price must always remain at three pounds, seventeen-twentieths and ten and a half two-hundred-and-fortieths of a pound, so long as the sovereign is manufactured of its present weight.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.35 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. for standard gold, it appears that gold is rather more than 3-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris. By advices from Hamburg, the price of gold is 423 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13.5 per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is, therefore, nearly 5-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Hamburg.

India stock (1874) has been dealt in at 212; 5 per Cents. (1874), 104; 5 per Cents. Enfacé Paper (1872), 101 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Canada 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877-84) fetched 95 4; 5 per Cents. 83 $\frac{1}{2}$; Mauritius 6 per Cents. (1873), 102 $\frac{1}{2}$; do. (1878), 105; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1888-92), 95 $\frac{1}{2}$; Queensland 6 per Cents. 100 $\frac{1}{2}$; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and October), 108 $\frac{1}{2}$.

A rather improved business has been transacted in shares connected with the British Possessions, but although there is no particular alteration in prices the general tendency is upwards. The dealings have been in East Indian, at 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $101\frac{1}{2}$; Great Indian Peninsula, 101 $\frac{1}{2}$; Great Western of Canada 6 per Cent. Bonds (1873), 89 $\frac{1}{2}$; Madras, 100 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$; Scinde, 99 $\frac{1}{2}$; ditto Punjab, 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 98 $\frac{1}{2}$; Grand Trunk of Canada closed at 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 19 $\frac{1}{2}$; and Great Western of ditto, at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10.

International Financial shares are quoted 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{4}$ prem.; General Credit, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ prem.; London Financial, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 prem.; Imperial Mercantile, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 prem.; Hudson's Bay, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 16 $\frac{1}{2}$; Anglo-Egyptian Bank, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ prem.; Imperial Mexican Railway, $\frac{1}{4}$ dis. to par; and Ottoman Société Générale, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$ prem.

In the foreign market a considerable amount of business has been transacted. Spanish Passives advanced to 31 $\frac{3}{4}$ on the receipt of a telegram definitely announcing the resignation of the Spanish Cabinet.

The committee of the Stock Exchange appointed Friday, the 16th inst., a special settling day in the shares of the Maritime Credit Company (Limited) for transactions entered into on and after June 16.

It is notified that the lists for applications for shares to be allotted to the public in the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England will be closed to-day (Saturday), at three o'clock for London applicants, and on Monday, the 19th inst., at twelve o'clock for country applicants. The shares are quoted at 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ to 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ prem.

The Egyptian Government having ratified the alterations in the statutes of the Société Financière d'Egypte, the dividend, equal to 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum, declared at the meeting held at Paris, is now payable in that city, in Alexandria, and in London, at the Imperial Mercantile Credit Association's offices.

From the French Bourse quotations show no important change. The Four-and-a-Half per Cents. for money were 92 f. 50 c.; Three per Cents. for money, 66 f. 65 c., and for the account, 66 f. 75 c. Bank Shares were 3,400 f. The advices from the other bourses manifest little variation, though the tendency was to dulness.

The following is a list of the rates of discount now current on the Continent, viz.:—Paris, 7 per cent.; Vienna and Hamburg, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$; Turin, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$; Berlin, Brussels, and St. Petersburg, 6; Frankfurt, 4; and Amsterdam, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Very few dealings have been reported in Bank Shares, and the alterations have consequently been limited. Commercial Bank of India and the East declined £2, to 3, 5 prem.; and International 10s., to 2, 3 prem.; Alliance rose £1. 10s., to 27, 28 prem.; London and Brazilian £1, to 6, 8 prem.; and London Joint-Stock £1, to 44, 46; Imperial 10s., to 15, 16 prem.; and Anglo-Egyptian 5s., to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$ prem.

A general meeting of the Oriental Bank Corporation is called

for the 13th October, to declare an interim dividend for the half-year.

The Alliance Bank have given notice that they are prepared to pay the interest coupons of the Melbourne Railway Company, due on the 16th inst.

The report of the Bank of British Columbia has been issued preparatory to the general meeting, fixed for the 26th inst. By the statement of accounts it appears that after paying current expenses, the amount of undivided profit at the conclusion of the half-year ending 30th June last, was £11,105. Out of this sum the directors propose to appropriate £5,000 to paying a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, free of income tax; to add £4,000 to the reserve fund, which is thereby increased to £6,000; and to carry forward £2,105 to the current half-year. The directors announce that the supplemental charter which they have obtained authorises them to establish branches at other places in the west of North America, besides British Columbia and Vancouver Island, and to defer calling up the remainder of the capital (which otherwise, by the terms of the original charter, must have been paid up this month) until such time as they think it desirable to do so.

In the United Kingdom, with population of 29,031,298, in 1861, there were 603 savings banks, with 650 unpaid and 1,310 paid officers, the latter drawing salaries and allowances to the amount of £98,253. 4s. 7d. In the year ending November 20, 1863, the expenses of the management amounted to £135,776. 3s. 9d.; the number of accounts remaining open were 1,556,842; the total amount which was owing to the depositors on November 20, £40,952,311. 12s. 6d.; total invested with Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, £40,790,208. 6s. 10d.; the average rate of interest paid to depositors, £2. 19s. 1d.; the number of receipts from depositors, 1,719,412; the number of payments, 940,383; the average amount of receipts from each depositor, £4. 7s. 10d., and the average amount of payments to each, £8. 12s. 6d.

The particulars are published of a number of Bonds, representing £266,000 of the Peruvian Loan of 1862, which were cancelled last week, under the half-yearly operation of the sinking-fund; also the numbers of the Peruvian Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Uribarren Bonds, which were cancelled on the same occasion.

An anonymous advertisement has been issued inviting capitalists to assist the Confederate States of America with a loan of £50,000,000 on the security of cotton, and bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum.

The holders of bankers' deposit receipts for F shares in the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railroad Company, are required to send them in for registration by the 3rd of October.

We are informed that base sovereigns, so closely resembling genuine ones that it is almost impossible, except by careful examination, to detect the counterfeit, are now in circulation. The date is 1859, and tradesmen would do well to be careful in taking sovereigns of that date.

In Mincing-lane, transactions have been upon the smallest possible scale, and prices remain without quotable change. The public sales during the week were not heavy, and, as a rule, importers did not appear very anxious to realise, considering the high rates of money.

PAPER.—The quantity of paper for writing and printing purposes exported in the first seven months of this year was 65,586 cwt., against 62,822 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1863, and 49,383 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1862. The total exports to July 31 may be thus set down:—British India, 16,760 cwt., against 15,493 cwt. in 1863; Australia, 32,883 cwt., against 29,702 cwt. in 1863; and other countries, 15,943 cwt., against 17,627 cwt. in 1863. The exports of paper of other kinds (except hangings) amounted, to July 31st, to 28,043 cwt., against 25,620 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1863, and 31,114 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1862. These latter exports were made up thus:—To British India, 1,826 cwt.; Australia, 14,772 cwt.; and other countries, 11,445 cwt. The total exports of paper of all kinds to July 31 this year were thus:—93,629 cwt., against 88,442 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1863, and 80,497 cwt. in the corresponding period of 1862. The value of the paper for writing and printing purposes exported to July 31 this year was £237,021, against £227,558 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £186,420 in the corresponding period of 1862. The value of the paper of other kinds (except hangings) exported to July 31 this year was £66,500, against £63,328 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £63,885 in the corresponding period of 1862. The aggregate value of the paper of all kinds exported to July 31 this year was therefore £303,521, against £298,886 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £250,305 in the corresponding period of 1862. The computed value of the paper imported in the first five months of 1864 was £172,046, against £135,896 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £156,034 in the corresponding period of 1862. Of the total set down for this year, £133,276 referred to paper for writing or printing purposes, the corresponding total for 1863 having been £109,220, and for 1862, £114,148. The total for the current year may be subdivided as follows: Hanse Towns, £6,149; Holland, £11,617; Belgium, £81,249; France, £25,537; other countries, £8,924. Belgium is therefore the greatest external source of our paper supply. The value of the imports of materials used in making paper amounted in the first five months of this year to £226,584, against £122,981 in the corresponding period of 1863, and £89,601 in the corresponding period of 1862. Of the total set down for this year, it is interesting to note that £109,869 was for esparto and other vegetable fibre, while in 1863 the corre-

sponding total was only £1,820. Esparto, or, as the French call it, *sparte*, is a kind of grass of extraordinary tenacity, and appears likely to be largely used in the manufacture of paper.

THE receipts on the old lines of the Paris and Orleans Railway for the week ending the 1st of September amount to 1,500,397f. 94c., being an increase of 30,155f. 10c. as compared with the corresponding week of last year. The receipts from the 1st of January to the 1st of September amount to 47,322,493f. 88c., being an increase of 2,033,805f. 67c. as compared with the corresponding period of the year 1863. The receipts on the new lines show an increase of 70,297f. 53c. for the week, and 2,440,072f. 55c. since the 1st of January.

"THE cotton crisis in France," says the *Moniteur*, "which has been so severely felt by the operative class, seems to have well nigh passed away. The consumption of cotton in France during the first three months of the present year was 20,138,587 kilos., one-third more than in the same period of 1863, and one-third less than in the same period of 1860. The mischief caused by the war in America is, therefore, in a fair way of being remedied. Before 1861 no less than 60 per cent. of the whole supply of cotton came from America; the imports from that country are now scarcely 2 per cent. of the whole, and there seems every probability that ere long the French colonies of Algeria, Guyana, and the West Indies will produce as much cotton as France requires."

THE Bank of Turin has raised its rate of discount to 8 per cent.

RECENT telegrams from Athens state that the debt of 1824-25 has been recognised. The original capital of £7,000,000 sterling has been consolidated at 2½ millions at 5 per cent. interest. The Powers have, it is stated, shown themselves favourable to this arrangement, and have made important concessions. The £100 bonds have been capitalized at 45 and the Coupons at 15.

IT is stated that Prussia has expended 112,000,000f. in the war with Denmark, and thus caused a deficit of 75,000,000f.

AN extraordinary meeting of the Antwerp and Rotterdam Railway Company will take place on the 5th October, at Brussels, "for the purpose of communicating the result of the fusion with the East Belge Railway Company, and in order to elect the members of the mixed committee in conformity with the terms of the treaty of fusion."

A CONCESSION has been granted by the Chambers of Bucharest for the construction of a system of railways for the principality of Wallachia, starting from Rustchuk on the Danube, and Mr. Rumball has just despatched a staff of engineers to make the necessary surveys on behalf of the capitalists engaged in the enterprise. Besides opening up the large and productive agricultural regions bordering on the Black Sea, these lines will be of commercial importance to Western Europe, inasmuch as, in connection with the line in course of construction between the Danube and Varna, they will constitute the shortest route to Constantinople and the East.

THE FEDERAL DEBT.—The *New York Times* says:—"The official recapitulation of the public debt up to the 23rd of August shows it to be \$1,859,274,000 or \$9,561,000 more than the previous week's statement. The unpaid requisitions are nearly \$80,000,000, and the amount in the Treasury over \$18,000,000." The *World* examines "how we compare with England in wealth and public debt," because the burden of a debt depends upon the wealth or poverty of the debtor. "The British national debt was on the 31st of March last £799,802,139, or reckoning five dollars to the pound it was \$3,999,010,695. The interest on that debt, which is 3 per cent., is \$119,970,320. By official returns the entire wealth and valuation of the nation was, on the 8th day of April, 1861, \$31,500,000,000. Therefore, the yearly interest is at the rate of \$1 for \$262 of the valuation. By the census of 1860 the entire wealth and valuation of the United States and territories was \$16,159,616,068, including 4,000,000 of slaves at a southern valuation. Our public debt, besides our State and municipal debts and other liabilities, as we have before shown in these columns, will on the 4th of March next be more than \$2,653,427,101, and it is all to be funded, and draw an interest of 6 per cent. in gold, which is \$159,205,626. Therefore, the yearly interest payable in gold is at the rate of \$1 for \$101 of the valuation, which is more than two and a half times larger than the debt of Great Britain. With gold at 250, payable in United States' currency, the rate of interest will make our debt relatively more than six and a quarter times greater than that of Great Britain, and that, too, as compared with the resources and valuation of the United States in 1860, as it then was, and as it is now."

IT is reported from Washington that proposals have been received from Germany for a loan of \$1,000,000,000 for 75 years at 3 per cent.; 20 per cent. of the loan is to be paid in coin, 10 per cent. in currency, and the balance in outstanding United States' obligations.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has advertised for bids for \$31,000,000, the balance of the 6 per cent. loan of 1881.

IT has been announced that the revenue of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for the half-year ending June 30 will admit of the payment of the interest, not only on the First and Second Preference Bonds and Stocks, but also the interest on the Third Preference Stock.

THE directors of the Bank of Valparaiso have issued a report of their operations for the half-year ending the 30th June last. They congratulate the shareholders on the favourable progress of the company, whose business was continuing to increase. The company was established by a decree of March, 1856, with a capital of 2,000,000 pesos, of which 500,000 pesos have been paid up. The reserve fund is fixed at 31,719 pesos. The profits of the half-year are stated to have amounted to 59,890 pesos, or about £11,977 sterling. Of this sum £8,000 were distributed, as a dividend of 8 per cent., amongst the shareholders; £1,856 were appropriated to the reserve fund, making the total amount about £8,000; and £1,962 were carried forward to the new profit and loss account.

THE Ecuatorian Commission of Agency are about to pay a first instalment of 7s. 6d. in the pound on account of the bondholders' claims on the estate of Messrs. Gutierrez & Co.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.*

A VARIETY of circumstances have combined to invest Anne of Austria with an amount of interest which neither her character nor her life is calculated to excite. If she did not play a great part herself, she was constantly brought into contact with those who did, and exercised more or less influence on their fate. She occupies a prominent place in the biographies of men so unlike in every respect as the Duke of Buckingham and Cardinal Richelieu. And, however little we may care about the Infanta of Spain or the Queen of Louis XIII., we have a legitimate curiosity as to the mother of Louis XIV., the Regent of France during the last struggle of the noblesse to restrain the growing power of the Crown, the founder of the great convent of the Val de Grace, and the mistress or friend of some of those fascinating ladies whose lives M. Cousin has written in so graceful and *spirituel* a manner. Miss Freer confines herself in the present work to one period of Anne's life. But, although we cannot help regretting that she has not given us a complete biography, we are not disposed to be ungrateful for the instalment before us. So far as it goes, it is a contribution of some value to our knowledge of the complicated intrigues which beset the path of the great Cardinal, and more than once threatened his supremacy. It presents us with an exceedingly lively picture of the Court life of the time, and is marked with considerable research among unpublished sources of information. Agreeably written, like the author's former works, it is free from the tendency to hero or heroine-worship by which some of them are disfigured. Miss Freer does not attempt to hide Anne's serious faults, nor to exalt her commonplace character. Her judgment of the Queen's conduct is almost always fair and temperate. It never seriously errs on the side of partiality; and, if it is sometimes severe, we cannot say that it is more so than the facts warrant. The truth seems to be that, although she had beauty, an insinuating and seductive manner, and a certain amount of superficial ability, Anne had little heart and even less solid talent. She was frivolous and deceitful; she compromised her character more than once; she speculated deliberately upon the death of her husband; she betrayed the country of which she was Queen; she deserted the friends who had risked everything for her; she committed perjury of the most shocking and aggravated kind; and, although there is no evidence to tax her with the last infidelity to her husband, the legitimacy of Louis XIV. seems open to grave suspicion.

The Infanta Marie Anne Mauricette, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, was betrothed in March, 1612, to Louis XIII. of France. The marriage was not celebrated until three years later, when the bride was still only in her fifteenth year, and the bridegroom was but a little older. The young King was certainly not a very attractive person. He had been brought up by his mother, Marie de Medici, in the strictest tutelage, which had aggravated instead of correcting the natural weakness of his character. His temper was reserved and suspicious; he was sensitive to the slightest ridicule or neglect; he was shy and proud, and he never forgot an insult or affront—real or imagined. His abilities were of the meanest order; and he was one of those men who, while unable to act for themselves, are constantly chafing at and rebelling against the ascendancy of the stronger spirits upon whom they are compelled to rely. Soon after his marriage, he emancipated himself from the control of his mother, Marie de Medici, and her favourite the Marquis D'Ancre, by the murder of the latter—but it was only to fall under the sway of his own favourite, De Luynes. Both this man and the Queen-mother were jealous of the influence of the young Queen-consort, for whom Louis, in the first instance, entertained considerable affection. Had Anne been well advised, she would probably have discomfited their intrigues, and might have become the real ruler of France. Unfortunately she believed that it was her mission to revolutionise the whole policy of her adopted country, and to render it subservient to the interest of Spain. This gave her enemies an advantage of which they did not hesitate to avail themselves, and the young husband and wife rapidly became estranged. The death of Luynes in 1621 restored Marie de Medici to power; but she only wielded it for a short time. One of her first measures was to obtain a cardinal's hat for Richelieu, and to have him sworn in of the Privy Council. Where she hoped to find a faithful and obsequious servant, she found a haughty and inexorable master. The humble churchman became the great Minister, and the remainder of Marie de Medici's life was spent in constant but unavailing struggles against the man she had raised to power. It seems certain that Richelieu attempted in the first instance to conciliate the favour of the young Queen—it is said that he did so by making love to her. But, however this may be, it is clear that he failed to obtain her favour, and that he then became her bitter enemy. It was not long before she gave him an opportunity of poisoning the King's mind against her. In 1625, the Duke of Buckingham visited the French Court, in order to conduct to England Henrietta, the sister of Louis XIII., and the bride of Charles I. With characteristic presumption, Buckingham made love to the Queen of France in the most open and even ostentatious manner. We do not believe that anything criminal took place, but, "to put the mildest construction on Anne's con-

duct, it must have been volatile and giddy to a degree which might warrant most injurious inferences. There seems to be little doubt that her heart and fancy were touched by the devotion of Buckingham." One most compromising scene took place at Amiens, whither Anne and the Queen-mother had accompanied the Princess Henrietta on her way:—

"At the conclusion of the banquet, Buckingham and the English ambassadors escorted Queen Anne to her abode. In the garden on the banks of the Somme, in the soft June moonlight, another suspicious interview between the Queen and the Duke of Buckingham ensued; which produced a disastrous impression even on her Majesty's truest friends, who felt how ungenerously the Duke had compromised their royal mistress. It appears that the Queen, attended by the Duchess de Chevreuse, by her lady-in-waiting, Madame du Vernet, and by her equerry, M. de Putange, and accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and by Lord Holland, strolled into the garden at dusk hour. The Duke led the Queen; Madame de Chevreuse was escorted by Holland; and Madame du Vernet by M. de Putange. It was the duty of this last-named person never to lose sight of his royal mistress, but to be always ready to perform any slight service which she might require. Nothing at first occurred to disturb the serenity of the promenaders: the Queen and her cavalier, with the other personages of the suite, reposed for some time on chairs by the river side, enjoying the refreshing breeze. Anne at length rose, and was led by the Duke into an alley shaded on one side by lofty elms, and on the other, closed by a tall trellis covered with creeping plants. Instead of following the Queen, Madame de Chevreuse and her cavalier turned into another sombre walk; while M. de Putange and his companion discreetly remained seated where they were, not wishing to intrude on the conversation of such illustrious personages—the more so, as Putange declared that he supposed M. de Buckingham had some message to impart to her Majesty before his departure, which was fixed for the following day. In a few minutes the voice of the Queen was heard summoning her equerry. Madame de Vernet and Putange hastened to join their royal mistress, whom they found agitated and discomposed; while Buckingham, with his hand grasping the hilt of his sword, leaned defiantly against the trellis. Anne began to reprimand her lady and her equerry for having quitted her; but when respectfully asked the cause of her alarm, her Majesty replied in confusion, 'that its cause was, surprise at finding herself alone with M. l'Ambassadeur.'"

Anne filled up the measure of her imprudence by giving Buckingham at least one audience after this.

What had occurred was duly reported to the King, and worked strongly upon his suspicious temper. The royal pair became completely alienated, and for the remainder of the King's life they lived practically apart. Anne's folly or guilt did not, however, stop here. She entered upon a strong flirtation—to say the least—with Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the King's brother; and with him and the Queen-mother she became party to a plot for the assassination of Richelieu. Nor were the conspirators content to aim at the overthrow of the Minister. Their arrangements (which were connected with the Spanish Court) provided for the future government of France, and papers in the archives of Simancas unfortunately leave no room for doubt that Anne deliberately consented to espouse Gaston in case of the death of the King her husband. The conspiracy was discovered by Richelieu; some of the inferior members suffered death or imprisonment; and Anne of Austria, previously an object of indifference, became one of positive aversion to the King, who never, to the last hour of his life, forgot that she had deliberately reckoned on his death.

But even this did not suffice to warn the Queen of the dangers of a struggle with the great Cardinal. Their common hostility to the Minister led to a cordial reconciliation between Anne of Austria and Marie de Medici; but they were no match for their opponent, who eventually banished the Queen-mother from France, and still further discredited the Queen by affording Louis XIII. proof that while he was lying dangerously ill at Lyons, in 1630, she had renewed the proposals for a marriage with the Duke of Orleans. It was then that Richelieu ventured to propound, for the guidance of Louis XIII., the following fifteen maxims—certainly the most audacious that a Minister ever laid before a King:—

- "1. A great Prince ought to have a council of state to advise with on the affairs of his realm.
- "2. It is necessary for a King to have a prime minister; and this prime minister must have three qualities, to wit—to possess no other interest than that of his Prince; to be able, and faithful; and to be a member of Holy Church.
- "3. A Prince ought to love his prime minister with perfect affection.
- "4. A Prince ought never to dismiss or degrade his prime minister.
- "5. A Prince ought to confide implicitly in his prime minister.
- "6. A Prince ought always to grant free and constant access to his presence to his prime minister.
- "7. A Prince ought to invest his prime minister with sovereign authority over the people of the realm.
- "8. A Prince ought to heap honours and riches on his prime minister.
- "9. A Prince ought to regard his prime minister as his richest treasure.
- "10. A Prince ought to put no faith in reports and accusations against his prime minister; he ought not to take pleasure in such slander; but, on the contrary, rigorously punish him by whom his minister is falsely accused.
- "11. A Prince ought to make plenary revelation to his prime minister of all slanders and accusations hurled against the said

* The Married Life of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, Mother of Louis XIV. and Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. By Martha Walker Freer. In Two vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

minister; even when the King may have solemnly promised secrecy.

"12. A Prince ought not only to love his realm, but his prime minister also; after them, his kindred and relatives.

"13. A Prince ought to forestall calamity by wise provision.

"14. A Prince is not to be blamed for using just severity in governing his realm.

"15. A Prince ought carefully to prevent his kingdom from being governed by women and favourites."

Although the Cardinal's supremacy was now unquestioned, he was sincerely desirous to effect a reconciliation with the Queen. He made more than one overture with this object. But Anne obstinately rejected every proposition of the kind. Her humiliation was not yet complete; she was still doomed to owe everything to Richelieu, and to accept his friendship on the terms which he chose to prescribe. There seems little room for doubt that she was a party to the conspiracy for which the constable, Montmorency, lost his head; but her share in it did not publicly transpire, nor did she suffer any inconvenience from its detection. In 1637, however, Richelieu discovered that important State secrets were constantly transpiring, and that information of the highest value was frequently transmitted to the Emperor and King of Spain, with whom Louis XIII. was then at war. His suspicions fixed upon Anne; and the discovery and arrest of one of her emissaries furnished him with full proof of her treason. In vain did Anne, "with the sacred elements on her lips and her hand on the altar," swear that she had never held treasonable correspondence with any foreign Power. Richelieu had proofs to the contrary; which he displayed to the Queen, in a private interview, with so much effect as to wring from her a written confession of her correspondence with the enemies of France. But it seems also certain that he saved her from a complete disclosure; and that from this time forward they were close allies, if not friends.

We do not know the terms of their compact, but we do know that the Cardinal had at this time become exceedingly anxious that Louis XIII. should have an heir; that shortly afterwards the King was induced to pass the night with the Queen; and that, in due course, after his parents had been married twenty-three years, the future Louis XIV. was born. Here is a scene at the Royal accouchement:—

"During the hour of his wife's greatest peril, the King stood at a window, talking to Madame de Hautefort. This discourse is reported by the author of the 'Life of Madame de Hautefort,' lately published for the first time, by M. Cousin. The author, who describes herself as the intimate friend, and one of the last earthly companions of Marie de Hautefort, vouches for the perfect accuracy of her narrative. A passage so strange and painful requires almost the confirmation of more than one narrator: nevertheless, the conduct of the King throughout the hours preceding the birth of Louis XIV., and the indifference he afterwards manifested towards the Queen, give an aspect of truth to the statement, which must prevent it from being altogether rejected as apocryphal. 'The King, seeing Madame de Hautefort standing near a window, approached her. Perceiving that she was weeping, the King, in a whisper, bade her not afflict herself so greatly, as she had no reason to do so. Madame de Hautefort, surprised to hear such a speech at a moment so critical, replied angrily, 'that she wondered at the unfeeling observation of his Majesty, considering the dangerous condition of the Queen.' The King, with a cheerful manner, said, 'I shall be pleased enough if they save the child—it is quite enough. You, Madame, I think, would find no reason to regret the loss of the mother!' Madame de Hautefort, thereupon, cast down her eyes, and showed plainly to the King that she had no pleasure in such discourse. The Queen passed a bad night. His Majesty also never slept, nor retired to bed; but occupied himself with La Chesnaie, one of his principal valets de chambre, in examining a History of France, to find a precedent for the marriage of a King of France with a subject.'"

With the birth of the Dauphin, Anne ceased to conspire. She even abandoned her Spanish predilections; and it is supposed, with every appearance of probability, that she was the means of placing Richelieu in possession of the secret treaty between Cinquars and his associates and the Court of Spain. She took, however, little part in politics until, on the death of Louis XIII., in 1643 (Richelieu died in 1642), she became Regent of France. Miss Freer does not now follow her into widowhood; but we cannot help hoping that at some future time she may resume her labours.

MISCELLANEOUS REMAINS OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.*

It is not easy to prescribe the limits within which it is advisable to publish the "Remains" of an author. When they possess real merit, in however unfinished a form, it is obviously a duty to communicate them to the world. Even when their intrinsic value is not considerable, if they serve as contributions to a *Biographia Literaria*, marking the development of a writer's genius, and illustrating his mode of collecting facts, his peculiarities of composition, his favourite authorities, and other *postscenia* of the study, none but ill-natured critics would refuse to welcome them. Miss Whately, in her Preface to these "Miscellaneous Remains" of her father, seems to rest the publication of them chiefly on the latter ground. She compares these articles, relatively to the late Archbishop's

more finished works, with what the "rough charcoal sketches" of the great painters are to their more finished productions, and believes that the perusal of them will afford the reader "the peculiar pleasure of contemplating the rough drafts of his works, and seeing, as it were, the process by which the first conception had grown and matured in the mind of the originator." For ourselves, however, we are inclined to question whether this little volume of "Opuscula" quite answers to the account given of it by the editor in the words above quoted. There is no doubt that a few of these papers contain the substance of remarks which are more fully expanded in the *Logic*, the *Rhetoric*, and the edition of Bacon's *Essays*; but we look in vain through these pages for any real illustration of the history of Whately's mind and studies: we rise from their perusal wholly uninformed as to the genesis of all those various works in the domain of Theology, Morals, Logic, Rhetoric, Political Economy, and Philology, the mere catalogue of which consists of six octavo pages. Indeed, we hardly expected to find such information in these "Remains." Thoughts did not gather slowly, forming themselves bit by bit, in Whately's mind: there are but slight traces of growth and expansion in his views. Everything, on the contrary, came from his brain clear, complete, precise; every sentence glided from his pen, expressed by a natural gift in the best and plainest language. We discover none of the "want of finish" in style of which the editor speaks. There may be little that is very original; there is certainly nothing that is profound; but the thought and the style of the young Fellow of Oriel in 1818 is just the same in its excellences and defects as the thought and style of the veteran writer in 1862. He wrote in his *Common-Place Book* with just the same ease and in just the same style as when writing with a direct view to publication.

It had been, we are informed, the practice of Dr. Whately, from a very early period of his life, to keep a record of thoughts and opinions on various topics, and the present volume is simply composed of extracts from such a record. The subjects, as we might expect, are of every conceivable variety, from the philosophy of the "Ruling Passion" to the habits and food of "Frogs and Toads." The length of their treatment also varies from one to a dozen pages. Here we can trace the fragment of a conversation; there a piece of a college lecture; a third may be notes of an essay, or a collection of instances for some commentary on Bacon or Paley. We may give our readers some idea of the kind of topics handled in the first half of the volume, by quoting a few apophthegms into which Dr. Whately seems to have concentrated the essence of his earlier sketches, such as—"Most vices spring from bodily disease;" "Smattering is applied to two opposites, *elementary* knowledge and *superficial* knowledge;" "In prose, the language is the vehicle for the matter—in poetry, the matter is the vehicle for the language;" "Gay spirits are always spoken of as a sign of happiness, though everyone knows to the contrary;" "It is a folly to grieve, though not to have grieved, at past sufferings; for what is past *was*, but is not." These few examples will afford some idea of the general subjects treated of in these "Miscellanies." They are the genuine offspring of Whately's intellect, stamped with all the characteristics of the author's mind, character, and style—its cleverness, its combativeness, its love of paradox, its one-sidedness, its transparency, its wonderful skill in illustration and argument. A writer who possessed so many merits may almost be excused the want of thoroughness and erudition, which may be detected in almost every one of his works. No one was more aware of it than himself. He tells us in this very volume that "My learning is of a very singular kind, being more purely elementary than anyone's I know;" and that "Though acquainted with the elements of most things, I know nothing thoroughly." After a confession so naively honest as this, we have not the heart to condemn an author who, professing to treat of so wide and interesting a subject as the "Notions of Heathen Philosophers on a Future State," confines himself to the interpretation of two indistinct passages in a single work of Aristotle, such as he might have given to the Oriel undergraduates in a lecture, while recumbent on his sofa. One or two of the apophthegms quoted above may also show us that the fondness for paradoxical statements so conspicuous in his conversation, was equally traceable in his "Common-Place Book." We suspect that the late Archbishop paid dearly for this indulgence, in the unpopularity and suspicion which he attracted by the startling sound rather than by the heterodox substance of peculiar statements he would occasionally put forward. It is proverbially the besetting sin of a good logician—*Θέσιν διαφιλάρταιν*,—and Whately was certainly not exempt from it. One of the sayings above quoted, "most vices spring from bodily disease," had originally (as he tells us) come from his lips in the monstrous form that "*all vices were* bodily diseases;" he observes, also, that "a Dr. L. was very indignant at the proposition," at which, perhaps, no one but the author of the paradox would have felt any surprise. Dr. Whately professes to believe that all vices connected with the temper and the appetites, and probably also those of pride, avarice, and others, are really derived from peculiar constitutions of body as affected by blood, climate, food, and similar influences, and require to be remedied by the physical aids of medicine, change of air, &c. At the same time, he does not allow that his theory at all encroaches on free agency and responsibility, but rather believes that men will be the better enabled to detect the seat of the evil and apply the proper remedy, in the shape of a dose of calomel or a trip to the seaside. He does not go on (we observe) to propose that prisons should be converted into hospitals, schools and churches into druggists' shops, and that clergymen and judges should exchange law and divinity

* Miscellaneous Remains from the Common-Place Book of Richard Whately, D.D. Edited by Miss E. J. Whately. London: Longmans.

for the study and practice of physic,—which would seem to us the most fitting practical results of the theory that vice is only a bad digestion or a disarrangement of the nervous system. We are tempted to wonder if he proceeded on this and the consequent principle, that “no healthy person could ever be vicious,” with the undergraduates whom he was helping to discipline at the time he gave vent to this belief. We recollect one distinguished tutor of our time, who seems to have partly acted on Dr. Whately’s doctrine when he recommended a refractory pupil “to try a pill;” but we suspect there is no evidence to show that the tutor rightly comprehended the seat of the disease, or saw any improvement from the remedy he suggested. The fact is, that Whately never for a moment believed in the full extent of the proposition; he fixed his mind for the moment on what everyone knows and most have felt—the connection between certain diseased states of the body and certain abnormal conditions of the appetites, temper, and feelings, which, but for a strong exercise of the will and restraint of the conscience, would under such circumstances be apt to lead the soberest men into strange excesses,—and then concentrated this one-sided view into the attractive proportions of a paradox, which he might indulge the luxury of defending with all the weapons of his logic, and illustrating with all the copiousness of his imagination. There is a similar instance, when he maintains, in his remarks on “Past Sufferings,” that the “having our sympathy excited by a relative having died in great agony (or, we presume, by the recent cases of starvation in the metropolis), is only the result of confusion of thought,”—that because they cannot feel any more, we need not feel for them; and then he proceeds to embalm this heartless doctrine in the neat little proverb, “That it is a folly to shiver for last year’s snow!” It is scarcely to be wondered at, after maxims like these, if many excellent people, not given to refining, nor patient enough to examine how far such paradoxes represented Whately’s argumentativeness or humour, and how far his real life and spirit, professed themselves shocked, and gradually came to believe that the Archbishop had only just as much heart as could be made out of his very odd brains.

Some of our readers may like to know Whately’s opinion on the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland—an opinion all the more valuable as coming from a man of no political party, and who had singular opportunities of estimating the good and evil of the office. “My conviction,” he says, “is that the office is not only useless but most mischievous; and the same is the opinion of a very large quantity of the most intelligent and best informed among those who have no personal interests to bias them.” That the Union can never be complete while there is a Viceroy—that the Lord-Lieutenant is the representative really of the Ministry, and only ostensibly of the Sovereign—that he has only just learnt how Ireland should be governed when the time of his vice-royalty comes to a close,—these and other more familiar grounds are put forward in this essay for the abolition of what none, we believe, but Dublin shop-keepers and ladies of fashion can find any reasons for maintaining.

At the end of the volume, Miss Whately has given a few short poems from her father’s pen, on such subjects as “Salamanca,” “La Belle Alliance,” “The Farmer’s Complaint,” together with one or two hymns. We sincerely regret that these were not withheld from the public eye. They are so manifestly bad, so ludicrously commonplace, that we can hardly imagine Dr. Whately’s powerful mind capable of so great a failure in any branch of literary composition as these specimens of his poetical attempts display. There are two pieces of classical composition, also—one the translation of an Oriental proverb into Greek, the other a Latin inscription sent to the Valhalla in Bavaria. In the latter of these, we are quite sure that Dr. Whately had never forgotten his scholarship enough to write “*illic Lutherus abest*” for the last half of a pentameter line, and we may venture to suggest that in the next edition of these “Miscellanies,” “*inde*,” which we would fain believe to have been the original reading, should be restored, and that “*τοῦ γρόπνου*” in the former should also undergo the emendation which any critical friend of the editor’s might easily supply to her. On the whole, we do not expect for these “Remains” such a reception from the reading world as anything from the pen of so able a writer as Dr. Whately might be imagined likely to deserve. A large portion of the papers in the “Common-Place Book” had, it appears, been destroyed in the Archbishop’s life-time; and we doubt, if he had been alive now, whether, in spite of his fondness for his literary children, he would have given his sanction to the publication of the rest. We could have wished that the accomplished editor had in preference devoted her time and attention to writing such a biography of her father as might have saved Mr. Fitzpatrick the task, for which he has shown himself to have been so eminently unqualified.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS—SECOND SERIES.*

SEQUELS are generally failures. That which, on the first conception, lived with a natural life, moves with galvanic stiffness when artificially reanimated to answer the demand created by the original success. It is seldom given even to the greatest genius to work the same vein twice over with equally rich results; or, if it be, people will not believe in the achievement. The Falstaff of “The Merry Wives of Windsor” falls short, in the popular estimation, of the Falstaff of “Henry IV.” “Paradise Regained” is

* The Biglow Papers. By James Russell Lowell. Second Series. Authorized Edition. London: Trübner & Co.

held to be a comparatively feeble appendix to “Paradise Lost.” When Gay and his friends took the town by storm with “The Beggar’s Opera,” and thought to prolong their triumph by the production of “Polly,” they only reaped discomfiture; and the two most popular fictitious characters of modern times—Sam Weller and his father—dropped flat and dead on the public mind when made to re-appear in “Master Humphrey’s Clock.” There is consequently much to fear and little to hope in arbitrary continuations of former ideas. The public resent what they may possibly regard as a lazy way of avoiding the trouble of fresh invention; or their tastes are capricious, and that which charmed in previous years disgusts in this; or they are faithful to the memory of their old loves, and do not like to see liberties taken with them; or there is some veritable literary law which forbids an author to succeed twice on the same ground. At any rate, the fact is certain, that such ventures are generally, if not always, disastrous. We are therefore not surprised to find that the new series of “The Biglow Papers” has not attracted so much attention here as the first. In proportion to the savouriness of a relish is the quickness with which men tire of it. If we are really hungry, we can go on eating bread-and-butter slice after slice; but anchovies will only serve for an occasional stimulant to the palate. Currie and Cayenne-pepper have no such lasting attractions as beef and mutton; and so, though Englishmen and Americans can read the *Times* and the *New York Herald* day by day all through their lives, they would not brook as a permanent institution either “Caudle Lectures” or “Biglow Papers.” The very quaintness and oddity which attracted in the first instance fatigue in the second. We should find Puck himself a tiresome every-day companion, and might not improbably fly for refuge to the wisdom of a common councillor. We do not know what amount of success the new series of Mr. Lowell’s witty poems may have had in America; but we doubt their making much noise in England, where they are necessarily devoid of the political interest which attaches to them on the other side of the Atlantic, and where, consequently, they must be judged on purely literary grounds. Not that we think at all meanly of these more recent poems. We are not sure that they rank in any degree below the first collection, except in the mere fact that, as far as manner and phraseology go, they are repetitions. But, as we have already said, people do not care to hear new variations on old tunes. Still, this should not prevent the more critical from examining the later poems on their own merits; and, so judged, we think Mr. Lowell may be congratulated on having preserved so much of the ancient spirit. We have the same dry humour; the same shrewd, quaint sense, not unfrequently touching on real wit; the same masterly exposition of Yankee character and dialect; the same lyrical instinct breaking out through the uncouthness of the Doric language (a characteristic, by the way, of all poetry written for and of the people); and the same audacious ingenuity in rhyming. With the political opinions expressed in the present “Papers” we have nothing to do. We view these verses as literary creations, singularly, yet we have no doubt truthfully, reflecting a singular people. Mr. Lowell is an enthusiastic Federalist, yet he sees clearly and expresses honestly the vices of the Northern popular character, of Northern ideas and Northern politicians. In the poem which concludes the volume, written at the end of 1862, and called “Latest Views of Mr. Biglow,” the assumed writer gives vent to his indignation at the fact of his fellow-citizens not being sufficiently in earnest in the prosecution of the war—at their trifling with the great questions so sternly presented to them for solution—at their want of moral courage, cohesion, and self-sacrifice. Mr. Hosea Biglow, in the bitterness of his heart at what he sees around him, exclaims:—

“Oh, Jon’tan, ef you want to be
A rugged chap agin an’ hearty,
Go fer wutever ‘N hurt Jeff D.,
Nut wut ‘il boost up ary party.
Here ‘s hell broke loose, an’ we lay flat
With half the univarse a-singein’,
Till Sen’tor This an’ Gov’nor Thet
Stop squabblin’ fer the garding-ingin’.

“It ‘s war we ‘re in, not politics;
It ‘s systems wastlin’ now, not parties;
An’ victory in the eend ‘il fix
Where longest will an’ truest heart is.
An’ wut ‘s the Guv’mnt folks about?
Tryin’ to hope ther’ ‘s nothin’ doin’,
An’ look ez though they did n’t doubt
Sunthin’ pertickler wuz a-brewin’.

“More men? More Man! It ‘s there we fail;
Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin’;
Wut use in addin’ to the tail,
When it ‘s the head ‘s in need o’ strengthenin’?
We wanted one thet felt all Chief
From roots o’ hair to sole o’ stockin’,
Square-sot with thousan’-ton belief
In him an’ us, ef earth went rockin’!

“Ole Hick’ry would n’t ha’ stood see-saw
‘Bout doin’ things till they wuz done with,—
He ‘d smashed the tables o’ the Law
In time o’ need to load his gun with;
He could n’t see but jest one side,—
Ef his, ‘t wuz God’s, an’ thet wuz plenty;
An’ so his ‘Farrards!’ multiplied
An army’s fightin’ weight by twenty.”

And again:—

"We want to know
The folks on our side hez the bravery
To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,
In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

"Set the two forces foot to foot,
An' every man knows who 'll be winner,
Whose faith in God hez ary root
Thet goes down deeper than his dinner:
Then 't will be felt from pole to pole,
Without no need o' proclamation,
Earth's Biggest Country 's gut her soul
An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation!"

It will, we think, be generally admitted that this is powerful, and indeed noble, writing—an utterance full of the best qualities of our English race. Opinions may differ as to the rights of North and South; but here is the true glow of an earnest soul, desiring truth and justice and honesty above all things, and next to those, and only by virtue of those, his country's greatness and power. Would to God that such feelings, and such alone, animated American citizens from sea to sea, from Canada to Mexico! Then would this frightful war never have commenced, or, having commenced, would be speedily appeased.

The old familiar characters of the first series are reproduced in the present. We have Hosea Biglow himself, Birdofredum Sawin, and Homer Wilbur, A.M., who, as before, introduces each poem with a few remarks. The last-named individual, however, dies of extreme old age at the end of the volume; so that we shall have no more of his calm sense and ripe scholarship. The first communication is from Birdofredum Sawin, who, the reader may recollect, served in the Mexican war at the time of the former Biglow publications, and got a wooden leg for his pains. This person is a type of the worst class of American character—utterly sordid, unprincipled, and self-seeking,—and is so contrived as to offer the strongest dramatic contrast to the simple-natured, honest Hosea Biglow. B. S. (our pen shrinks from again writing in full his long and not harmonious name) is now represented as settled in the South, whose views he adopts and expounds. He had been to some of the Slave States on a missionary expedition, when he was tarred-and-feathered, and afterwards imprisoned, on a false charge of stealing. Being afterwards released on the discovery of the true culprit, and finding openings for him where he is, he resolves to remain, and so, in time, becomes a thorough "Secesh." The scintillations of Yankee drollery in this man's epistles are most amusing. Where, out of America, could such a thought as this occur to any one!—

"An' here I be ez lively ez a chipmunk on a wall,
With nothin' to feel riled about much later 'n Eddam's fall."

Or such a periphrasis as this, for a thrashing?—

"Our farm 's at Turkey-Bazzard Roost, Little Big Boosy River,
Wal located in all respex,—fer 't ain't the chills' n' fever
Thet makes my writin' seem to squirm; a Southuner 'd allow I'd
Some call to shake, for I've jest hed to meller a new cowhide."

It is in this astounding method of bringing the remote and sublime down to the most common-place level, on the one hand, and of clothing vulgar and disagreeable facts with a something "rich and strange," which half disguises and half reveals them, on the other, that the peculiarity of American humour consists.

The dreary wranglings about the Trent affair we will pass over in silence; but we must find room for a passage from the poem on that subject, in which the imaginary speaker rises into a strain of genuine poetry and eloquence. He is addressing the genius of America:—

"O strange New World, thet yet wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,—
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed
Was prowled round by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,
Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,—
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents,—
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan
Thet only manhood ever makes a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child o' Adam's kin,—
The grave 's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!"

These are the strong cries of love and faith that are wrung from nations by strong events. America will be a great influence in the world yet, if she can work up to the proud ideal of her leading minds.

TWO NEW FRENCH NOVELS.*

In two important respects, "Le Roman d'un Homme Sérieux," by M. Charles de Moüy, differs from most of the novels recently

* Le Roman d'un Homme Sérieux. Par M. Charles de Moüy. London and Paris: Hachette & Co.

L'Héritage de Charlemagne. Par Charles Deslys. London and Paris: Hachette & Co.

published in Paris; it is not in the least "sensational," and on the score of purity it is as presentable to the English reader as one of Miss Austen's tales. Since the publication of M. Octave Feuillet's graceful but super-sentimental "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," we have, in fact, met with hardly any story of French life and manners so thoroughly unexceptionable, according to our English notions of propriety. Of course, French novels of real life can be fairly judged only from a French standpoint of feeling and opinion. We may be satisfied that art and morals gain in England by the widely different practice of our popular novelists; but simply to apply one and the same moral standard to the novel writers of England and France would be futile. Acted upon by enormously dissimilar social influences, the English novelist is accustomed to work within comparatively narrow bounds, employing, both in the selection and treatment of his subjects, a delicacy and reticence almost wholly disregarded by the living novelists of France; drawing his pictures of life and manners, in fact, under a sort of engagement to represent vice and immorality as exceptional conditions of society, rather to be disavowed than recognised as having a solid and congruous existence. No English writer of M. Ernest Feydeau's power, for example, would have written two such novels as "Madame Bovary" and "Fanny," though the materials had existed everywhere about him; instead of the first-named book, he would naturally have written "The Doctor's Wife," and "Fanny" he would not have written at all. From the fact of there being no such social condition as that of the *demi-monde* recognised in English society, a Dumas *filis* is an impossibility in English literature. No one, we suppose, would pretend to deny that London has its *demi-monde* as well as Paris; but the instincts of English society are against the ugly fact being placed upon any footing of permanent or even admitted existence, such as it holds in France by unopposed right of self-assertion on the romantic literature of the day. Let them do their best or worst in England, such writers as the younger Dumas, Henri de Kock, and Arnould Fremy would achieve no literary status out of Holywell-street; the English circulating library is closed against the novelist who can only describe the *ménage* of a *lorette*. In this exclusiveness there is no prudishness; it frankly indicates the measure of a solid refinement of manners, the result of a long process of development. The novels of Smollett and Fielding have given place, in due course, to those of Dickens and Thackeray, and it is a natural consequence that we should prefer the "Adam Bede" of George Eliot to "La Pénélope Normands" of M. Alphonse Karr, the "Aurora Floyd" of Miss Braddon to "La Femme Guillotinée" of M. Jules Janin; and further, that, wholly apart from the question of literary quality, we should show a strong preference for such French novels as most nearly approach the moral standard to which our own are made to conform. One of these novels is "Le Roman d'un Homme Sérieux," which might have been written by Mr. Anthony Trollope as regards its perfect purity of tone.

M. Charles de Moüy has achieved the honour of having one of his works *couronné* by the French Academy, and writes gracefully, if not brilliantly. His present novel is not a high-class work, but it is decidedly above the literary level of current French fiction, and, not unworthily, deals with a subject about which French novelists and political-economists will have a good deal to say at some future time,—marriage for money, dictated by "la raison, l'inflexible raison, du siècle," as M. Charles de Moüy affirms by the lips of his hero. The story is that of a young man in whose bosom natural love wrestles with conventional selfishness. Impelled to marry a girl with a humble dowry, he finds himself in antagonism with his dearest friends, with the master opinion of society, and even with his own principles. An active man of business, bent on making a fortune, he has adopted the universally-accepted idea of a marriage for money as the only course to be followed by a prudent and sensible person; and, after studying the question thoroughly—from one point of view, at least—he has fixed upon two hundred thousand francs as the amount of dowry he will be willing to accept with a wife. "I am a prudent and sensible man," he says to his mother; "all my acquaintances know me as such; I like the solid; I am faithful to the dictates of reason; I must have two hundred thousand francs; and I will not bate a centime." But even while he is thus fortifying his resolution to marry no woman who cannot bring him a handsome fortune, his heart is vowing itself to a young girl who is known to command a marriage-portion of only twenty-five thousand francs. The expressed intentions of Savinien, this model of prudent young Frenchmen, meet with the warmest approbation of his uncle, a retired attorney, who devotes himself, heart and soul, to the task of finding an eligible match for his nephew, and, at length, succeeds. Savinien is startled by the communication made to him by his uncle, and, for the first time, understands how firm a hold his unspoken love for the modestly-dowered Marianne has taken in his heart; but he permits himself to be introduced to the young lady with the stipulated fortune of two hundred thousand francs. Accidentally meeting with Marianne, however, he cannot resist the impulse to tell her of his love for her. She knows the purpose of his visit to the house of the heiress's father, and—though she loves him—sadly approves his intentions. "I know," she replies to his appeal for compassionate consideration, "that, in our day, fatal maxims are acquired with the air we breathe, and I know that to act in contempt of these needs immense courage. I pity you, for I understand you thoroughly, both the evil and the good in you; but I know what anger, what reproaches, what sarcasm on the part of others, what self-doubtings and distresses, have to be

braved by whoever would overcome the general opinion." They part, and all seems over between them. The negotiations for the marriage with the heiress are pushed forward vigorously by the uncle; but, though supported by the idea that he is acting as a prudent man, and in accordance with the principles of reason, Savinien first courts delay, and next takes offence at what he thinks the meanness of his prospective father and mother-in-law, in inquiring too minutely into his eligibility as a son-in-law, on the point of money. His disgust at last becomes so great that he is determined to withdraw from the affair, and, braving the "inflexible opinion of the age," to offer his hand to Marianne. But he is stopped by an enormous difficulty, which has suddenly arisen. Marianne's father has been long absent in America, seeking to make a fortune, and has written to his wife and daughter to tell them that he is about to return to them "a millionaire." Marianne's dowry will be at least four hundred thousand francs, and Savinien would rather die than be thought a mere fortune-hunter by her; he continues the interrupted negotiations, therefore. "Let her think, or let her not think, that I love her; no matter!" he says to himself. "If she does not believe I love her, my conduct will appear perfectly logical and becoming; if she believes that I love her, she will appreciate my courage, the motives of my estrangement; and in both cases I shall secure her esteem." A second letter from Marianne's father conveys the unpleasant intelligence that the fortune acquired by him has been risked and lost. Marianne is as poor as ever, and Savinien, throwing his mercenary marriage project overboard, leaves the young lady with the dowry of two hundred thousand francs, to accept another suitor, who is in readiness to receive her, and unites himself to the woman of his heart.

There is absolutely nothing impressive, or even new, in the plot of "*Le Roman d'un Homme Sérieux*." The interest of the book is derived solely from the characters, which are all more or less clearly drawn. M. Roquemond, the uncle, is a most amusing personage. Retired from business, he delights in bringing his professional experience into play for the benefit of his nephew. On finding that there is a dowry of two hundred thousand francs in the marriage market, he devotes his leisure to the task of inquiring into the minutest details of the fortune out of which the dowry is to be paid, before committing himself by a word. After the marriage negotiations are formally opened, the old lawyer is positively pleased to disown that the young lady's father has taken the precaution to doubt all the old attorney's representations with regard to Savinien's position, and made careful inquiry on his own account. M. Duret, the gentleman in question, is a retired leather-seller, and, though he is prepared to give his daughter a nominal wedding-portion of two hundred thousand francs, he sees no reason why the arrangement of a dowry should not be an occasion for doing a stroke of business. One of the best chapters in the book contains the discussion of the dowry, M. Duret endeavouring to over-value the property which he proposes to give with his daughter as the equivalent of the sum named. The cold-blooded selfishness and immorality of all such compacts is well suggested by the scene. Another well-imagined character, developed perhaps a little too broadly, is that of Madame Cerny, Marianne's mother—the moral and physical opposite of her daughter, of course—a short, fat woman, with a large face, complexion *coupe-rosé*, eyes with not much expression in them, and over all a sickly smile:—

"When she met any one in the town, it was always with a humble and timid air, and she shook hands with her friends in floss-silk gloves, with the compunction of a person receiving a compliment of condolence. She had never been able to console herself for having been reduced to a condition so modest; and, without ill-nature, for at heart she was what is called a 'good sort of woman,' she never heard news of small gratifications happening to others without making an almost ironical reference to her own destiny. She was accustomed to say 'I've no chance!' or 'Such luck never comes to me!' with a sort of bitter satisfaction, as if she hoped to pique the favour of fortune."

A stupendous change takes place in the bearing of the poor woman as soon as she supposes she is the wife of a millionaire:—

"She was radiant; this woman, lately so humble, so timid, sighing at everything, seemed animated with a new life. She talked, chattered, gesticulated, joked. Truly it was pleasant to see her in an hour repay herself for so many years of constraint. She was the chrysalis metamorphosed; she was taking wings. I had never seen such exultation. The germ of all this pride, assurance, and joy had been in her heart, only awaiting a ray of the sun. One could never have imagined but this little woman, cold, silent, measured, modest, who hardly put out her hand to meet the hand extended towards her, who walked with slow step like an invalid, her eyes bent downwards like a nun, who spoke so little and in so low a tone, who dressed herself in sombre colours as if for the purpose of hiding her presence, was capable, and suddenly, of posing herself with so much emphasis and so much noise."

Of the serious characters, the mother of Savinien is the best drawn, and, at the same time, most original in the book. The solicitude with which she watches the distress of her son, under the opposing influences of love and of what he believes to be the dictates of reason—her own inclination, guided by the genuine instincts of her woman's heart, siding with the love she knows he feels for Marianne—is very delicately represented, the author apparently delighting, as most French novelists do, in writing upon the theme of "*ma mère*." As we have before intimated, "*Le Roman d'un Homme Sérieux*" is not at all a striking novel, but it

is decidedly amusing, and, for the special reason mentioned at the beginning of this notice, quite a book for English readers.

M. Charles Deslys' "*Héritage de Charlemagne*" is a novel of the quasi historical class, as its title partly implies. Upon his death-bed, the Emperor, foreseeing the dangers to the empire that were likely to show themselves when he was no longer living to avert them, bands together by an oath thirteen of his most tried and trusted servants. To each is given a sword, on the blade of which is engraved "Karl and France," and the duty of the sword-bearers is, at all times, to defend the empire against all foes, the number of thirteen being maintained by the selection of new companions, in the event of death coming to any of the original members of the sworn band. Two stout volumes—equal to at least four ordinary duodecimos of the English circulating libraries—are filled with the adventures of these worthies, and of a host of characters besides. Those who love the sort of mystery that grows out of the doings of disguised knights, dwarfs, hermits, abducted ladies, and the rest of the well-known puppets of historical romance, will find all they can reasonably desire in the present story; and we can commend it to them, accordingly, as excellent of its kind.

THE LATE FREDERICK ROBSON.*

WE know so little of the favourite actors and actresses who year after year delight us from the stage, that often we are ignorant of their very names. It is only when they die that we find out who are the magicians or enchantresses familiar to us under such and such designations, and discover that Mr. Cavendish Talbot and Miss Bianca Greville were, in truth, Mr. Richard Smithson and Mrs. Susan Skeggs. The desire to sink some common, mean, or ludicrous name in one of greater pretensions and more mellifluous sound, is commonly the cause of these transformations. Sometimes, however, the change proceeds from a wish to conceal the fact of the person in question being on the stage at all. We have not yet got over the old opinion about acting being a vagabond pursuit; and it is astonishing how frequently the calling is adopted in a furtive and covert manner. The young aspirant plays under a false cognomen, to conceal the circumstance from jealous relatives and friends; and, having made something of a reputation that way, cannot afterwards afford to throw off the mask. Of all the numerous admirers of the late hero of Olympic burlesque, farce, and domestic drama, how few there were who knew that his surname was not Robson, his Christian name not Frederick! His names were, in fact, "Thomas Robson Brownbill." Brownbill was not interesting, and Thomas was vulgar; so "Robson" was left to do duty for the surname, and "Thomas" was ousted to make room for a Christian name which, as regards the man himself, was purely fictitious, but which had the advantage of sounding elegant and romantic. The necessity for concealment may also have influenced the youth; for his friends seem to have been averse to his becoming an actor, so that, when he was apprenticed to Mr. Smellie, the copper-plate engraver of Bedfordbury, and spent his evenings in amateur theatricals at the private theatre in Catherine-street, Strand, he was obliged to do so secretly. In the little memoir with which Mr. Hotten prefaces Mr. Sala's sketch, we are told that the boy's powers of mimicry, exhibited in the imitations he would give of knife-grinders and wandering salesmen, used to send his fellow-workmen into fits of laughter. He dressed showily, had his hair curled in artificial ringlets, and wore an unusually large hat, with a twisted brim, set jauntily upon a rather large-sized head, which caused the boys of the court to call him "Little Big-head." Notwithstanding his passion for amateur theatricals, which must have trenchanted somewhat on his nights, Brownbill was a very industrious and conscientious hand at his trade, and was noted at the workshop for the regularity of his attendance in the morning. For some reason or other, he only served four years of his time; but, shortly after leaving, and while yet under age, he set up on his own account as a master engraver in Brydges-street, Covent Garden. The locality was favourable to the development of his theatrical tastes, and the amateur performances were continued with great gusto. Probably the business was not successful, or young Brownbill could no longer resist the temptation to throw himself entirely into theatrical life; but, at any rate, the graving trade was relinquished, and "Frederick Robson" accepted the post of manager of a country theatre. Working his way in time to London, he became a great favourite at the Grecian Saloon, in the City-road; thence emigrated to the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, where, for two or three years, he was one of the heroes of the pit and gallery; and in 1853, having offended his Irish patrons by an apparent insult to the Roman Catholic religion, returned to London, and made an extraordinary and unlooked-for hit at the Olympic (then under the late Mr. Farren's management), in the burlesque parts of *Macbeth* and *Shylock*, and afterwards in the drama of "*Plot and Passion*." From that time until his lamentable and premature decease, he held a high position with the London public, and, indeed, we might say with the British public generally, for he took occasional provincial tours, like other actors, and always with the most brilliant success. His style—allowing for the difference between real tragedy and burlesque tragedy—was apparently based on that of Edmund Kean, whom, in his own boyish days, he had seen, and whom he used to imitate. Like Kean, he was small in person, and yet graceful; and he had the same wild, almost terrific, but some-

* Robson: a Sketch. By George Augustus Sala. London: John Camden Hotten.

what fitful command over the extremes of passion and pathos which is reported of the great tragedian. Something of the mountebank clung to him to the last, and, indeed, the public encouraged him in his fantastical extravagances; but the earnestness of the man's nature was always breaking out. A spirit of elfish poetry shone through many of his conceptions, as in that wonderful performance of the Yellow Dwarf; and in Shylock, Medea, Daddy Hardacre, and some other parts, he literally held the breath of his auditors in suspense, as the rage and tempest of his wrath and savage tenderness came glaring or trembling forth from the grotesque recesses of the serio-comic character.

Mr. Sala's essay on this extraordinary actor was originally printed in an American Magazine, and is now republished by Mr. Hotten in a little pamphlet. It contains a very eloquent and a very just critique on Mr. Robson's genius, and, like everything that proceeds from Mr. Sala's pen, is extremely graphic and entertaining, albeit at times a little over-wrought. Commencing with a picturesque account of decaying, disreputable, yet in some sort interesting, old Wych-street, Mr. Sala goes on to describe the former Olympic Theatre,—that strange little semi-wooden house, partly built out of the timbers of a broken down man-of-war presented by George III. to Astley, the founder of Astley's Amphitheatre. We are thus led to a brief critical, or rather eulogistic, estimate of Robson's chief impersonations, omitting, however, one which, in our judgment, was among the finest—the assistant to Fouché, in "Plot and Passion." Mr. Sala considers that Robson's *fortissimo* was burlesque, his acting in domestic drama, though admirable, being equalled by some other of our London players. But he is of opinion that he failed in the burlesque part of Masaniello, and suggests that "it may have been repugnant to his eminently-sensitive spirit to exhibit the ludicrous aspect of the most dreadful of human infirmities"—madness. The performance was certainly not up to the mark of Shylock, the Yellow Dwarf, and Medea; but we cannot regard it as a failure. Mr. Sala apparently forgets that in another burlesque Robson had a mad scene, which he managed with extraordinary power. This was in the Christmas extravaganza of "The Discreet Princess," produced at the close of 1855. But the taste of such exhibitions is certainly open to very serious question.

Of the actor's undeveloped capabilities, Mr. Sala writes:—

"I had been for a long period extremely solicitous to see Robson undertake the part of Sir Giles Overreach in 'A New Way to pay Old Debts.' You know that Sir Giles, after the discovery of the obliterated deed, goes stark staring mad. I should have wished to see him assume Edmund Kean's own character in the real play itself; but Robson was nervous of venturing on a purely 'legitimate' rôle. I was half persuaded to write a burlesque on 'A New Way to pay Old Debts,' and Robson had promised to do his very best with Sir Giles; but a feeling, half of laziness, and half of reverence for the fine old drama, came over me, and I never got farther than the first scene. . . .

"In Daddy Hardacre, a skilful adaptation of the usurer in Balzac's 'Eugénie Grandet,' he was tremendous. It made me more than ever wishful to see him in the gripping, ruthless Overreach, foiled at last in his wicked ambition and driven to frenzy by the destruction of the document by which he thought to satisfy his lust of gain. Molière's Avare I thought he would have acted wonderfully; Ben Jonson's Volpone, in 'The Fox,' he would surely have understood, and powerfully rendered."

The statements with respect to Robson's intemperate habits are indignantly denied by Mr. Sala, who attributes the actor's illness and retirement from the stage (he was still living when the article was written) to years of over-work and over-excitement. An interesting personal trait is recorded at the conclusion:—

"Robson, off the stage, is one of the mildest, modestest, most unassuming of men. Painfully nervous he always was. I remember, a dozen years since, and when I was personally unacquainted with him, writing in some London newspaper an eulogistic criticism on one of his performances. I learned from friends that he had read the article, and had expressed himself as deeply grateful to me for it. I just knew him by sight; but for months afterwards, if I met him in the street, he used to blush crimson, and made as sudden a retreat round the nearest corner as was possible. He said afterwards that he hadn't the courage to thank me. I brought him to bay at last, and came to know him very well; and then I discovered how the nervousness, the bashfulness, the *mauvais honte*, which made him so shy and retiring in private, stood him in wonderful stead on the stage. The nervous man became the fretful and capricious tyrant of mock tragedy; the bashful man warmed at the foot-lights with passion and power. The manner which in society was a drawback and a defect became, in the pursuit of his art, a charm and an excellence."

A few errors as to dates and matters of fact the author may, perhaps, be glad to have pointed out. We are told that "it must have been in 1848" that the late Mr. Farren took the Olympic. Farren, however, was at that time managing the Strand Theatre, and the Olympic was passing through some of those phases of ill-luck which beset it for so long, and which Mr. Sala describes. It would seem to be implied that Robson played at the old Olympic; but this is erroneous. He did not act in Wych-street until 1853, and Astley's wooden cabin of a house was burned down in the early spring of 1849. The new house was run up in a few months, and was opened towards the end of the year by the unhappy man Watts, who was shortly afterwards tried—nominally for theft, really for forgery—and who committed suicide in gaol. Mr. Sala appears to believe that Robson made his first great hit at the old Olympic,

under Farren; that then there was an interval of Watts's and other failing managements, during which Robson again vanished into obscurity; and that his fame revived when Mr. Alfred Wigan took the house. The truth is that Robson's first great metropolitan hit was in 1853, during Mr. Farren's management of the new Olympic; and that his success continued without intermission during the remainder of Mr. Farren's rule, the whole of Mr. Wigan's, which followed, and subsequently his own. Should the little essay reach a second edition, it would be as well to correct these errors.

RAMBLES BY THE RIBBLE.*

NUMEROUS little hand-books, comprising a description of the scenery, historical events, and other important features of the more distant, and therefore less-frequented, parts of England, Wales, and Scotland, have recently been given to the public. The small volume published at Preston by Mr. William Dobson, and containing an account of several rambles made by the author along the banks of the Ribble, in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and to various towns and villages in its vicinity, is certainly by no means below its predecessors in the qualities which should distinguish such works. These sketches have previously appeared in the *Preston Chronicle*; but Mr. Dobson has been induced by their success in that form to republish his "Rambles" before the whole series was completed, instead of waiting until the conclusion, as he had originally intended. He started on his excursion to the source of the Ribble, accompanied by two fellow-travellers, during a short holiday in the Whitsuntide of 1862, having been twice previously disappointed in a similar expedition by heavy rain and a severe snow-storm. Indeed, on the present occasion, the morning opened very inauspiciously; but the rain cleared up at an early hour, and, with the exception of one or two light showers, the rest of the day was fine and genial, and enabled our excursionists to proceed on their rambling adventures and journeys of exploration without interruption. After several days' wanderings by the side of the rivers Lune and Wenning, which "may put in a claim to possessing some of the most charming scenery in England," and through the villages of Hornby, Thurland, Widdale, Woldfell, and many other places on the banks of the Ribble, Mr. Dobson and party arrived at Ingleborough, where they proceeded to visit Weathercote Cave. The various striking features of the beautiful, and at times almost savage, scenery of this picturesque part of England—a part seemingly little frequented by tourists—are graphically described by the present writer, as are also the numerous wild flowers and plants with which the region abounds. Many of the natural objects in the north of England have more resemblance to an Italian than an English landscape, and are widely different from the more homely and cultivated scenery of the south of the island, especially that within a few miles of the metropolis. The excursionists saw several singular caverns, on their road to Ingleborough; but of the impressions created in the mind of our author by the interior of Weathercote Cave—one of the most curious natural phenomena in this country—we shall leave Mr. Dobson to speak for himself:—

"In the limestone districts of the West Riding, caves are very common; the ground, indeed, is everywhere completely honeycombed, and it is no unusual circumstance for a brook or stream to flow for a great distance under ground; now and then its rumblings may be heard, and the waters not seen. As we approached Weathercote we heard the dashing of water as of a vast waterfall, but unlike those we go to see at the lakes, all is below the surface of the ground. Entering the enclosure within which is the cave, we could still see nothing of the fall. The presence of the cave was, however, indicated by a large number of fine brackens and ferns overhanging the cavity. To get into the cave, we had to descend a number of rugged steps, and then we saw the huge volume of water falling from its subterranean bed, about a third of the way down the cave, dashing down the cavern from twenty-five to thirty yards, and then flowing along another mysterious underground channel, what distance can only be surmised—it being supposed that it joins, somewhere or other, perhaps by more than one channel, the stream which flows down Chapel-le-dale. As we descended the steps beneath a vast, rude, natural archway of limestone, we were lost in admiration of this natural wonder. The spray from the stream rose in sufficient volume to wet any one through who should stand long within its range. The recent rainy weather had greatly increased the quantity of water, and, of course, made the fall all the finer. As the spray rose, the rays of the sun shone down the cave, and a series of beautiful rainbows were formed, and as we descended farther, we found ourselves encircled with a magnificent prismatic halo. This was one of the most beautiful sights that could be imagined. We went to the bottom of the cave, getting along as we best could, over the smooth and slippery and spray-covered blocks of limestone which formed the natural stairs, at each step seeing something to excite fresh wonder and admiration. Above the cavity whence the roaring volume forces its way is a huge block of limestone thrown across like a bridge, and which has been in that position for generations; and though its slanting position does not look the firmest, yet, doubtless, it will remain for ages to come unmoved—for in times of flood, when the cave is full (and an angry seething cauldron it then appears, from the waters pouring down the upper subterranean channel faster than the lower one can take them away), this rude archway remains undisturbed and unaffected."

* Rambles by the Ribble. First Series. By William Dobson, Author of "History of the Parliamentary Representation of Preston," "Preston in the Olden Time," &c. Preston: W. & J. Dobson. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

Bolton Church and Hall, Stainforth Foss, Salley Abbey, the Lancashire Hills, and the Hill and Forest of Pendle, are pleasantly described by Mr. Dobson, together with the historical associations and anecdotes, legends, superstitions, &c., connected with those places. The book likewise includes a brief account of the Lancashire Witches, pointing out some of the principal incidents in connection with them upon which Mr. Ainsworth's romance of that name is founded. But perhaps the most interesting chapter is the last, which comprises a description of the town of Clitheroe, its church, and its ancient castle, the latter of which seems to be associated with some of the most interesting events of the feudal period of English history. The information was communicated to Mr. Dobson by the proprietor of the castle, Mr. Dixon Robinson. The following anecdote, if true, is a curious illustration of the extraordinarily slow rate at which news, in times not very long past, travelled in this remote part of the country:—

"Towards the latter end of the long reign of the third George, a traveller alighted at an hostelry under the shade of Pendle. Giving his horse to the care of the ostler, and consigning his saddle-bags to the landlord, he enquired what was the cause of the commotion in the village—for flags were flying, bands of music were playing, and 'clubs' were formed in processional array. The host, surprised at the inquiry, as if he thought everybody should know, said, 'Why, th' battle o' Waterloo's been fout.' 'So it has,' said the traveller, 'but it's between two and three years since.' 'Indeed,' replied Boniface, 'we nobbut heerd i' Pendle Forest this mornin'.' Such slow travelling of news reminds one of the old clergyman in the Orkney Islands, who prayed for George IV. for eighteen months after his successor had been proclaimed King."

With this we close our notice. The present little volume is a very entertaining one, agreeably written, and full of facts. Mr. Dobson concludes by hoping he may soon meet his readers in a second series of "Rambles by the Ribble." We hope so too.

A HEART TWICE WON.*

"I DESIRE," writes our authoress, "to dedicate my first work to the memory of my cousin, the late William Makepeace Thackeray;" and this dedication takes the form of some half-dozen stanzas, the thoughts in which are far removed from commonplace. The last stanza speaks to the critic, and by the modesty of its tone attempts, perhaps not unfairly, to gain a favourable verdict on the work:—

"Fresh yet the turf which marks the earthy bed,
Where, to his last, long sleep, they laid that honoured head;
And still undried the tears o'er genius shed,
From earth too early flown:
Then, by those memories and your tears, I ask,
That ye should gently scan my humble task,
And kindly speed me on!"

To say we do not intend to regard this would be to lay ourselves open to a charge of churlishness; but, as introductory to such a work as "A Heart Twice Won," an appeal of this character is quite unnecessary. It has its faults as a "first work," but even these give promise of higher efforts; while the portraiture is carefully and artistically executed, and the incidents genially described. Harriet Lydia Stevenson has avoided imitation, either in plot or language. The plot—if the few incidents found in the novel can with propriety be so designated—is neither extravagant nor stale, while the language is always natural, and especially free from the hackneyed phrases too frequently found doing duty under all possible circumstances.

We have said that the incidents recorded in "A Heart Twice Won" are few; but what they lack in quantity is balanced by the interest they excite. Reginald Douglas, a fine dashing guardsman, is the hero, and the owner of "the heart twice won." The ladies engaged in the conquest are Mrs. Churchill and Violet Maitland, the heroines respectively of Volumes I. and II. The characters of these ladies are remarkably well contrasted; Mrs. Churchill is "a perfect woman of the world," while Violet, the charming daughter of Sir Walter Maitland, is a thorough "child of nature." Douglas meets the first of these ladies at a favourite watering-place while visiting his widowed mother. He does not remain long in her society before he becomes hopelessly in love with Mrs. Churchill. His passion shows itself in costly presents and constant attendance upon her, and on one occasion he is the means of saving her life. Her horse taking fright runs away with her, and, in leaping a fence, throws her heavily on the ground. Carefully tended by Douglas, she is carried home, and upon her recovery he makes up his mind to propose to her. Sir Lionel Beresford, his uncle, has lately returned from India, and accidentally finds a *carte de visite* of Mrs. Churchill. Upon inquiry, the lady proves to be the wife of an officer in Beresford's regiment, and, fearing the result to his nephew's peace of mind if abruptly informed of the truth, Sir Lionel has an interview with the fair deceiver; and, from an intimate knowledge of her early life, which has been a tissue of crimes, forces her to leave instantly for London. Before leaving, she writes a letter to Douglas acquainting him with the fact that her husband is living, but that to Douglas and to him alone her heart is entirely devoted. Another letter, written at the same time to a lady friend with whom she intends to reside in town, details the true state of affairs; and in this one a copy of the

* A Heart Twice Won. A Novel. By Harriet Lydia Stevenson. Two vols. cadon; T. C. Newby.

letter to Douglas is enclosed. By accident, these letters are placed in the wrong envelopes, and in this way our hero is abruptly informed of the position of affairs. A dangerous illness ensues; but, through the tender nursing of his mother, he is restored to health. The doctor advises a continental tour, and this is at once undertaken, in company with Mrs. Douglas and his cousin Letitia Mostyn.

The journey into the south of Europe introduces us to the second volume, and to the new heroine. Here the change is delightfully refreshing. The victory over the heart of Reginald by Violet is managed with great cleverness, and the description of the journey exhibits considerable powers of expression.

So far, we think, the authoress will allow we have "gently scanned" what she is pleased to call her "humble task;" and we have pleasure in still further encouraging her efforts by wishing her all success in the future.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Ruined Castles of North Wales (A. W. Bennett).—A very pretty book for the drawing-room table is this collection of photographic views by Bedford, Sedgfield, and Ambrose. The castles delineated are those of Denbigh, Rhuddlan, Conway, Harlech, Beaumaris, and Carnarvon. The photographs are for the most part a little too black in tone; but they are effective, and give an idea, at once lively and exact, of the interesting and picturesque objects which they reflect. The descriptive letter-press is well done, and the little book concludes with an account of an Eisteddfod at Conway, which is very appropriate at the present time, when so much is being said for and against that ancient observance.

Mary Howitt's Sketches of Natural History (A. W. Bennett).—This is the third edition of a book originally published thirty years ago. The poems, in which the various animals of the creation are described, are truly charming, and must, we should think, be doated on by children. The illustrations are rather so-so, and look as if they were nearly worn out. Though the letter-press is for the most part from the pen of Mary Howitt, it is but fair to say that some of the little pieces were written by her husband.

The New Gymnastics for Families and Schools; together with the Dumb-Bell Instructor and Pongymnastikon. By Dio Lewis, M.D., Boston. With Three Hundred Illustrations. Reprinted from the Sixth American Edition. With an Introduction by M. C. Tyler, M.C.P., Principal of the London School of Physical Education (W. Tweedie).—We noticed some time back a pamphlet founded on this work. The system in question is an attempt to engraft dancing on gymnastics, which, according to the plan here explained, are regulated in set figures, and performed to music. It is contended that this renders the exercise more exhilarating, more pleasant, and therefore more healthy; and that it enables the young of both sexes to join in the sport. The object of Dr. Dio Lewis is to develop, gently and equably, the entire muscular system, and not to force particular sinews into unnatural strength and prominence, at the expense of the vital powers. His theories appear to be very reasonable, and capable of easy practice; but we must leave our readers to test them for themselves.

The Works of William Shakespeare. The Text revised by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Vol. IV. (Chapman & Hall).—The fourth volume of Mr. Dyce's very excellent and handsome edition of "Shakespeare" contains "King John," "Richard II.," "Henry IV." (Parts I. and II.), and "Henry V.," with accompanying prefaces and annotations. While explaining whatever is necessary to be explained, Mr. Dyce does not overload his text with comment; so that we can read the poet without any unnecessary intrusion of his editor's learning. This is undoubtedly an advantage; and to those who do not interest themselves in the wranglings of rival critics or the learned subtleties of bookworms and archaeologists, but who desire a careful and intelligent production of Shakespeare's works, the present edition is likely to recommend itself very strongly.

The Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated. With Introductions, Notes, and a Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by John Francis Waller, LL.D., Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin).—The publishers may be honestly congratulated on the production of this really splendid edition of Goldsmith's select works. We say "select," because the volume only includes "The Vicar of Wakefield," the chief poems, and the comedies. These, no doubt, are the best creations of the author's genius; but there are other works which we could have wished to see as well. However, what we have in the present form is carefully and elegantly produced. Though we are no admirers of the sham old type in which the edition is printed, it is here excellent of its kind, and has a certain propriety in the case of an eighteenth century author. The paper is thick and smooth, and just tinted of a creamy colour; while the illustrations are not only profuse in number, but distinguished by marked artistic ability. The designer (whose name should have been given) has caught with much discrimination the kind of face and the general style of manners prevailing in the last century; and, while obviously attentive to details of costume, furniture, &c., does not suffer these accessories to usurp the place of character and dramatic action. The bucks and belles, the lords and ladies, the clowns and peasants, the solid fathers and mothers, the rakes and bailiffs, the tradesmen and patrons, and all the varieties of town life, of the Georgian epoch, live again in these pictured pages. Some of the more romantic views illustrating the poems are also very charming. Dr. Waller has supplied a good Memoir and Notes, and the edition, as far as it goes, is worthy of all praise as an admirable specimen of popular literature.

Bell's English Poets. Dryden. Vol. I.—*Early Ballads.* (Griffin & Co.)—The neat and compact little edition of the English Poets, commenced about eleven years ago by the Messrs. Parker, of the West

Strand, but never completed, is now being re-issued by Messrs. Griffin & Co. The form is exactly the same as before, and the type and general arrangements are characterised by clearness and elegance. The editor is Mr. Robert Bell—a ripe scholar in English letters, and a critic of fine taste and judgment. We shall watch the progress of the reprint with interest. When we add that the price for each volume, bound in scarlet cloth, and containing a large amount of matter, with Memoirs, Notes, &c., is only 1s. 6d., it will be seen that the series altogether will be a marvel of cheapness.

The Organ: its Mechanism, Stops, &c., Explained; with Directions for Rectifying Ciphers and Other Simple Casualties, without the Necessity of Sending for the Organ Builder. By the Rev. Henry D. Nicholson, M.A. (Novello & Co.)—The organ, as the noblest of instruments, demands a special treatise on its structure, its capabilities, its diseases (so to speak), and the proper way of managing its wonderful complications, so as to bring out its harmonies in the fullest and grandest manner. Mr. Nicholson appears to have the enthusiasm of love and the intelligence of knowledge. We commend his little book to all organ-players and organ-admirers.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A CURIOUS announcement comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic. It is to the effect that Mr. William Chambers is now busily engaged upon "The History of Publishers," having occupied most of his spare time for some years in collecting materials for the work. The paragraph further says that the "History of Publishers" will appear in two volumes, and will be profusely illustrated. Is there not some slight mistake about this piece of literary news? It is certainly strange that we, on this side of the water, should have heard nothing of the project before. Probably, however, some particulars of the learned author's "History of Peebleshire" have reached the editor of the generally well-informed *American Literary Gazette*, and the uncouth name of the Northern shire led him to "correct" what he conceived to be an error.

Very recently we observed Mr. Hain Friswell's successful volume of Essays, "About in the World," announced as About "On the World"—a supposed translation of a new work by Edmond About.

French ingenuity has just devised a means of producing a newspaper which is to be distributed gratis, to contain no advertisements, and yet which is to give a profit to its proprietor. The prospectus of the *Journal des Abonnés* appears in *Figaro*, but is by no means a joke. The periodical is to appear twice a month, and to consist of 32 quarto pages. It is to contain a Parisian chronicle, reviews of books, articles on the fashions for the ladies, works of fiction, travels, &c.; also caricatures, autographs, and occasionally music. The paper is to be white, the print good, and it is to be distributed gratis—to all persons, its projector adds, "who commission me to subscribe in their name to a daily paper, to one of the principal French Reviews, or to a weekly illustrated paper." While that subscription lasts the subscriber will receive the *Journal des Abonnés*, whose proprietor's profit is to consist of the trade allowance made to him by the papers to which he is commissioned to subscribe. M. de Villemessant, the director of the *Figaro* and of one or two other journals, announces the appearance of the first number of the new paper for the 1st of October. He reckons on an enormous number of subscribers on the terms he proposes, but even then he would not see his way to a profit if he did not expect the custom of a great many persons who take in several papers. The speculation seems a hazardous one, but he counts confidently on its proving remunerative.

It having been stated in the new part of "Chambers's Encyclopedia," under the article "Newspapers," that the *Scotsman* has now the largest circulation of any Scottish newspaper, and that it came into existence in 1817, the proprietors of the *Glasgow Herald* have published and circulated a reply, in which they claim those positions for their own paper.

The publishers of the *Quiver* have issued, during the past week, an immense poster, which has attracted very considerable attention amongst those who are accustomed to study carefully the lessons of instruction presented to them on our London boardings. The placard says that "the locomotive carries us over the land" and "the steamship over the sea;" that "Poland is struck down," "Circassia depopulated," and "America torn;" that "throughout the world the air reverberates with the sound of battle and the rumour of impending wars;" but that, "among the agencies for good which are at work" "the establishment of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin send forth weekly a mighty stream of literature, charged with great and elevating truths, calculated to improve and bless the people;" that, "notwithstanding the uncertainty of darkness and conflict around us," we have "Cassell's Popular Educator," and "Educational Course,"—and the "*Quiver*." The words prominently set forth in capitals, and which first strike the eye, are "Christianity" and "Cassell, Petter, and Galpin." Really, this kind of advertising, we thought, went out of fashion some years ago. Its revival we certainly do not admire. Valuable as may be the literary contents of the *Quiver*, some other style of making known a change in its management and appearance might have been adopted by its publishers.

Of M. Renan a letter informs us that his "Vie de Jesus" has brought him the sum of £4,000, and the golden harvest is still far from garnered: "his pen can transmute ink and paper into gold whenever he pleases; he has several works which daily find purchasers; and he is a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, which place brings him enough to pay house-rent." It is understood that he has in the press a work on his quarrel with the French Government, entitled "My Situation."

From Edinburgh we hear that two new statues are shortly to be erected in that city—one to Allan Ramsay, the poet, the other to

John Wilson, the famous Christopher North of Blackwood. Both will be placed in Princes-street Gardens.

A few weeks since, we gave some details relative to the late poet Clare, and mentioned the fact of two editions of his works being in preparation. The *Publishers' Circular* now adds some particulars of Messrs. Whittaker's edition, with a notice of the early impressions, which have long been considered as "scarce" books in the second-hand market:—"Until the recent death of John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, poetical readers had almost forgotten the name of this most genuine and original of all our rustic poets. It is now proposed to raise a monument to his memory in the church of his native village of Helpstone, and also to publish, through Messrs. Whittaker & Co., for the benefit of Clare's aged widow, a new edition of his Poems, illustrated with photographic views, &c., by Mrs. Higgins, of Stamford. No edition of his Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery has, we believe, appeared since 1820, when Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, the original publishers of the productions of John Keats and many other poets, gave them to the world with a simple and touching narrative of the life of their Author. Clare was one of the lions of London literary parties in that year, when many stories were current illustrating his simplicity and good nature. Charles Lamb, Keats, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and their party warmly befriended him; but the poor Northamptonshire field-labourer was sadly out of his element in those scenes, and was glad to go back to Northampton, and resume his old occupations. The tragic story of his life, ending in many years of settled madness, is told in Chambers's 'Cyclopædia of Literature,' where some good specimens of his truthful pictures of country sights will also be found."

Recently the incomes of literary men have become a matter of discussion in the Paris journals. Of M. Louis Ulbach, a correspondent says that "he has engaged to furnish a publisher three novels a year, for which the publisher agrees to allow him 1,200f. a month, for five years' copyright of these novels, or £600 per annum. He receives, as dramatic critic of *Le Temps*, somewhat more than £1,000 per annum, and for his correspondence to *L'Indépendance Belge*, in which a letter from his pen appears every three weeks, he is paid yearly the sum of £300. Add to these a play, which he produces every year, and for which he receives about £250." This income, however, the correspondent assures us, is as nothing compared to the revenue of successful dramatists, who make their £8,000 and £10,000 per annum. Formerly French authors were most wretchedly paid for their books. Their most lucrative patrons were the press and the theatre. It is said that M. de Lamartine only received £50 from Didot for his "Meditations." His "Song of Harold's Pilgrimage" realized about £800, but now his income is some thousands per annum from the French publishers. M. Thiers received £20,000 for his famous "History of the Consulate and Empire;" Victor Hugo accepted the same sum from the Brussels publishers for his "Les Misérables," whilst Michelet will only publish with the Messrs. Hachette on commission, preferring to keep the copyrights in his own hands, as is the custom with many of our English authors. It is believed that M. Michelet is the only literary celebrity in Paris who adopts this course, although it was followed by Balzac, who united in his person author, printer, and publisher, and, as might have been expected, finished his affairs in bankruptcy.

Mr. Bracebridge Hemyng has a new novel in the press. Its title will be "Gaspar Trenchard." More than one successful novel, issued anonymously, or under a *nom de plume*, are said to have been written by this gentleman.

Messrs. JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER announce a cheap issue of the Rev. Charles Stanford's "Joseph Alleine, his Companions and Times." The same firm also have in the press a new tale by the author of "The Junior Clerk," entitled "Tossed on the Waves," a story of young life; and a volume of discourses by the Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A., of Birmingham, successor to the late John Angel James, entitled "The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church."

Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., of Philadelphia, announce an American edition of "Banting on Corpulence." Very recently this gentleman of anti-corpulence notoriety issued an appeal to the public for the erection of a hospital, to be named the "Middlesex County Convalescent Hospital." As a thank-offering for himself, Mr. Banting headed the list with the very handsome and stout donation of £500.

The following will be among the works published by Messrs. SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY during the approaching season:—An illustrated edition of the Bishop of Oxford's volume of allegories, called "Agathos," of which nearly 50,000 copies have been sold. "Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge," by the Bishop of Melbourne. "The Lawgiver: a Sketch of the Life of Moses," by Mrs. Webb, author of "Naomi," &c. "Among the Mountains:" an Account of the Residence of an Officer's family at Montreux during the Crimean War; mainly a narrative of facts, but thrown into the form of a story. A volume on "Temper," first published about thirty years ago; reprinted, with a Preface by the Rev. J. C. Ryle. "The Little Fox: an Account of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin," written for children, by permission of Captain M'Clintock.

Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. announce for publication, during the present week, a popular half-crown edition of Mr. Wilkie Collins's celebrated novel, "The Woman in White;" a new and cheap edition of Elihu Burritt's "Walk from London to John o'Groat's;" and "Beekeping," by the *Times*' "Beemaster."

HACHETTE & Co., of Paris, have just published a new work by M. Edmond About, called "Le Salon de 1864," and composed of articles contributed by that writer to the paper called *Le Petit Journal*.

M. Rouget de l'Isle has given notice of an action against M. Fetis, the author of the "Biographie des Musiciens," who states in his book that the Rouget de l'Isle of 1792 is not the author of the Marseillaise. The trial, at which the present M. Rouget de l'Isle is, it is said, to produce some curious and important documents, will take place on the 22nd of November.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Allingham (W.), The Ballad Book, a Selection of Choicest British Ballads. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 Badeker (K.), Switzerland Hand Book of Travellers. New edit. 12mo., 5s. 6d.
 Beauties of Poetry and Gems of Art. 4to., 7s. 6d.
 Blackwood's Shilling Scribbling Diary, 1865. 1s.
 Three Days' Diary, 1865. 1s.
 Bright (W.), Ancient Collects and other Prayers. 3rd edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Bullock (C.), Sin and its Cure; or, the Syrian Leper. New edit. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Cæsar's Gallic War, Book I., by Dr. Kenny. 2nd edit. 12mo., 1s.
 Charlesworth (Miss), Ministering Children. New edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Ministry of Life. New edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Cobbold (T. S.), Entozoa; an Introduction to Study of Helminthology. Royal 8vo., 31s. 6d.
 Dawson (Flora), Princes, Public Men, and Pretty Women. 2 vols. Post 8vo., 21s.
 Freer (M. W.), Married Life of Anne of Austria, Mother of Louis XIV. and Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. 2 vols. 8vo., 30s.
 Goldsmith (Oliver), Works, illustrated by Dalziel. *Royal 8vo., gilt, 10s. 6d.
 Great Excursion Train to International Exhibition, Preface by Miss Whately. 16mo., 1s. 6d.
 Harris (Jas.), Graduated Exercises in Arithmetic and Mensuration. 12mo., 3s.
 Holden (H. A.), Foliorum Silvula. 3rd edit. Part II. 5s. Part III. 8s. Post 8vo. cloth.
 Ingram (T. D.), Compensation to Land and House Owners. Post 8vo., 10s.
 Johnson (C. W.), Our House and Garden. New edit. Post 8vo., 5s.
 Lankester (C.), Marian and her Pupils. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Lepage's Petit Musée de Littérature Française. 2 vols. Vol. I. 12mo., 9s.
 Lowell (J. R.), Biglow Papers. 2nd series. Complete. 12mo., 1s.
 Mackenzie (W. B.), Wanderer and his Return Home. New edit. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Marshall (Mrs.), Brother and Sister. 2nd edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Murray's Hand Book to Visitors in Paris. 12mo., 5s.
 Knapsack Guide for Italy. 12mo., 6s.
 Norway. 12mo., 5s.
 Near Home; Countries of Europe described. New edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Neven (G. A.), Letters and Conversations for Translating English into French. Post 8vo., 3s. 6d. Key, 3s. 6d.
 Railway Library.—Lang (J.), Ex-Wife. New edit. 12mo., 2s.
 Savage (M. W.), Reuben Medlicott. New edit. Post 8vo., 5s.
 Soyer (A.), Shilling Cookery for the People. New edit. 12mo., 1s.
 Tom Brown at Oxford. New edit. Post 8vo., 6s.
 Trench (Abp.), Sacred Latin Poetry. 2nd edit. 12mo., 7s.
 Twells (H.), Poetry for Repetition. 7th edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Two Anastasias, a Novel. 3 vols. Post 8vo., 31s. 6d.
 Waggle and Wattle, by T. S. C. New edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Walker (J. B.), Warriors of Our Wooden Walls and other Victories. 2nd edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d. & 3s.
 Webster (N.), Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, by Nuttall. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
 Wilkinson (J. B.), Mission Sermons. 12mo., 5s.
 Winslow (O.), Morning Thoughts. Vol. I. New edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Winter (S. H.), Mathematical Exercises. 12mo., 4s. 6d.

THE LONDON REVIEW

POLITICS, SOCIETY, LITERATURE, ART, & SCIENCE.

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 List of New Publications for the Week.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to ISAAC SEAMAN, Publisher, 11, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS will commence on MONDAY NEXT, Sept. 19th. The Orchestra will be chiefly selected from the magnificent Band of Her Majesty's Theatre, with additions of eminent Soloists from the Continent, and will number nearly One Hundred Performers. Vocalist, Mdle. Liebhart. The Danish National Vocalists, from the "Tivoli," Copenhagen, are engaged to appear exclusively at these Concerts. Cornet, Signor Luigini; Violin, M. Lotto. Conductor, M. JULLIEN.

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Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., in the faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a list of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar, 1864-5," published by Messrs. MacLachlan and Stewart, South Bridge, Edinburgh, price 2s. 6d., per post, 2s. 10d.

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September, 1864.

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The Classes for the Michaelmas Term will meet on Monday, October 3rd. Individual instruction in Vocal Music is given by Mr. George Benson, and in Instrumental by Messrs. Dorrell, John Jay, and Oliver May, and Misses Green, C. Green, Sawyer, and Bagulay. Conversation Classes in Modern Languages are formed on the entry of six names. Arrangements are made for the reception of Boarders. Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Fees, Scholarships, &c., may be had on application to Mrs. Williams, at the College Office.

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REPORT of Directors, and Statement of Proceedings at the Ordinary Meeting of Proprietors, held on the 4th of May, 1864.

SIR J. R. CARMICHAEL, BART., IN THE CHAIR.

THE statement which the Directors have this year to lay before the Proprietors, respecting the progress of the Company during 1863, affords them the opportunity of again offering congratulations on the improved condition of the Office.

The new Premiums received amounted to £6,481. 5s. 8d., the sum thereby assured being £193,815. The total Income of the Company was £53,427. 14s. 2d.

These items exceed those of any preceding year, and might have been very largely increased had not the Directors seen fit to decline a large number of Proposals which were not of a first-class character.

After payment of £15,912 to the representatives of deceased Members, and defraying all admitted charges and demands on the Company to the 31st of December, no less than 40 per cent. of the Income has been added to its Funds.

The increase of business during the first quarter of the current year, though investigated with the usual caution, has been still more satisfactory, the new Premiums received to the 31st of March being at the rate of nearly £9,000 per annum.

To maintain this increase, while transacting only the high standard of business which it has always been the desire of the Directors to procure, is, considering the intense competition which surrounds them, and without the adoption of undue expenditure, no light task.

It is therefore no formal appeal that the Board make when they call on each Proprietor and Assured to use some extra personal exertion this year to obtain new Policies. By introducing fresh connections to the Officers and Agents of the Company, and canvass-

ing their friends, a large accession of business would, at comparatively little cost, be secured, and a very sensible impetus be given to our progress and future profits. The Directors therefore confidently hope for a general co-operation towards this object.

It is with sincere regret that the Directors have to refer to the loss the Company has sustained by the death of Lord Arthur Lennox, their late Chairman. An unceasing interest exerted on its behalf, combined with the exercise of strict integrity, and a courteous bearing, so well known to the Proprietors ever since the foundation of the office, cannot fail to be remembered by all who were associated with his Lordship.

The Directors have also to regret the loss, by death, of Mr. F. G. Johnston, who from the very commencement of their operations had acted as one of the Chief Office Medical Advisers of the Company.

The vacancy occasioned at the Board by the death of Lord Arthur Lennox has been filled up by the election of Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, Bart., a gentleman whose social position and influence cannot fail to be beneficial to the Company.

The Directors have elected as their Chairman, Sir JAMES CARMICHAEL, Bart., and as Deputy-Chairman JOHN ASHBURNER, Esq., M.D.

These two Gentlemen this year retire by rotation, and, with the Auditors, offer themselves for re-election.

In conclusion, the Directors again recommend the usual Dividend of 5 per cent. on the Capital, and Bonus additions, being equivalent to 5½ per cent. on the amount paid up.

(Signed)

J. R. CARMICHAEL, Chairman.

JAMES L. DENMAN,
11, Abchurch Lane Corner, King William Street, London, E.C.
AND 20, PICCADILLY, W.

DIRECTS ATTENTION TO THE NATURAL, FULL-BODIED AND UNBRANDIED
WINES OF GREECE AND HUNGARY.

G R E E K W I N E S .

SANTORIN.*		Octave 14	Qr. casks 28		
		gals. equal	gals. equal		
		to 7 dozen.	to 14 doz.		
	Per doz.	£. s.	£. s.		
SANTORIN, a dry red wine, with Port wine flavour	20s.	6 14	13 4		
THERA, a white wine, full of body, Madeira character	20s.	6 14	13 4		
CORINTHE, a very stout full-bodied wine, possessing a Champagne flavour	24s.	7 16	15 4		
CALLISTE, a very superior stout white wine	24s.	7 16	15 4		
ST. ELIE (or, "Wine of Night"), a delicious light dry wine, with Amontillado flavour and character; <i>incomparable at the price</i>	24s.	7 16	15 4		
	28s.	9 5	18 5		
	32s.	10 14	20 19		
AMBROSIA (or, "Wine of Bacchus"), a most luscious white wine of high character and flavour	30s.	9 19	19 12		
LACRYMA CHRISTI, a luscious red wine adapted for Communion use	42s.	14 5	28 2		
VISANTO, an exceedingly sweet and fine white wine; delicious for dessert	48s.	16 5	32 5		

* Santorin is the only place and island in Greece which prepares Wine saleable in foreign countries; but this cannot be ascribed so much to the superior quality of the grape, as to the manner in which the wine is prepared by the French Company who manage it. The wines of Santorin will keep good year after year. They are sent to Turkey and Russia. Odessa, on the Black Sea, is one of their best markets. I have visited a great wine-cellar, excavated within the mountain, and have there tasted sixteen or eighteen different sorts of wine, all prepared from the grapes of Santorin. I was most pleased with the "Wine of Bacchus," very like that of Naxos, with the taste of nectar, and colour of liquid gold. So also the "Wine of Night" [the St. Elie], which is colourless, and has obtained that name from the fact of the vintage taking place during the night, and from the grapes being hidden under the leaves of the vine, and not exposed to the influence of the sun, by which means the wine is not coloured by it. It has an acid and agreeable flavour, like Rhine wine, only milder.—*Greece and the Greeks*, by Miss BREMER, vol. ii., p. 1. Translated by MARY HOWITT, 1863.

ATHENS.		Octave 14	Qr. casks 28		
		gals. equal	gals. equal		
		to 7 dozen.	to 14 doz.		
	Per doz.	£. s.	£. s.		
MONT HYMET, Red, a full-bodied dry wine, resembling Claret, with the bouquet of Burgundy	16s.	5 6	10 10		
MONT HYMET, White, a light pure dinner wine, approaching Chablis in character, without acidity	16s.	5 6	10 10		

CYPRUS.		Octave 14	Qr. casks 28		
		gals. equal	gals. equal		
		to 7 dozen.	to 14 doz.		
	Per doz.	£. s.	£. s.		
From the Commandery	60s.	20 6	40 5		

SYRA.		Octave 14	Qr. casks 28		
		gals. equal	gals. equal		
		to 7 dozen.	to 14 doz.		
	Per doz.	£. s.	£. s.		
COMO, a Red wine, resembling full-bodied and rich Port, an excellent wine	28s.	9 5	18 5		

SMYRNA.		Octave 14	Qr. casks 28		
		gals. equal	gals. equal		
		to 7 dozen.	to 14 doz.		
	Per doz.	£. s.	£. s.		
BOUTZA, a full-bodied dry Red wine	24s.	7 16	15 4		
SEVDIKOI, ditto, ditto, but slightly bitter (from myrrh leaves being pressed with the grapes), and highly valued for its tonic properties	24s.	7 16	15 4		

Any of the above in Pints, 4s. per Two Dozen extra.

P O R T U G A L W I N E S .

		Octave 14	Qr. casks 28		
		gals. equal	gals. equal		
		to 7 dozen.	to 14 doz.		
	Per doz.	£. s.	£. s.		
PORT, CATALONIAN	18s.	5 16	10 18		
RED LISBON	22s.	7 4	14 5		
GENUINE ALTO-DOURO, stout and useful	24s.	7 16	15 4		
Ditto, rich, full flavoured, excellent for bottling or present use	30s.	9 19	19 12		
Ditto, soft, matured, with character	34s.	11 12	22 16		
Ditto, rich, with great body	38s.	12 18	25 5		

S P A N I S H W I N E S .

		Octave 14	Qr. casks 28		
		gals. equal	gals. equal		
		to 7 dozen.	to 14 doz.		
	per doz.	£. s.	£. s.		
SHERRY, ARRAGONESE	18s.	5 16	10 18		
Ditto EXCELLENT	22s.	7 4	14 5		
Ditto CADIZ	24s.	7 16	15 4		
Ditto	30s.	9 19	19 12		
Ditto	34s.	11 12	22 16		
Ditto	38s.	12 18	25 5		

H U N G A R I A N W I N E S .

W H I T E W I N E S .

Admirably adapted for Dinner, being light, pure, dry, and free from acidity, combined with the full, high aroma of the Rhine Wines.

CHABLIS	per doz.	16s.
VILLANY MUSCAT	"	24s.
BADASCONYER	"	24s.
PESTER STEINBRUCH	"	26s.
SOMLAUER AUSLESE	"	28s.
DIOSZEGER BAKATOR	"	30s.
Ditto Ditto AUSLESE	"	32s.
HUNGARIAN HOCK	"	30s.
RUSZTE (rich)	"	40s.
SZAMORODNY (dry Tokay)	"	42s.

Any of the above in Pints, 4s. per Two Dozen extra.

R E D W I N E S .

Possessing all the characteristics of the finer sorts of French Claret, and containing great body without acidity.

SZEKSZARD	per doz.	16s.
VISONTAERE	"	20s.
ADLERBERGER OFNER, recommended	"	24s.
MENES, exceedingly stout and full-bodied	"	28s.
ERLAURE, high flavoured ditto	"	30s.

Any of the above in Pints, 4s. per Two Dozen extra.

S W E E T W I N E S .

MENESER AUSBRUCH	per doz.	42s.	Tokay bottles containing 5 gills.
TOKAY ditto	"	72s.	
Ditto ditto (die Krone)	"	96s.	

" Munich, 18th April, 1861.

" Not long ago I read Dr. Kletzinsky's analytical article, and my belief is that the Hungarian wines, whose generous qualities I fully appreciate, have over wines a peculiar restorative virtue, to be attributed to the phosphoric acid which they contain. In a dietetical point of view, it must be taken into consideration that the Hungarian wines are generally richer in alcohol than the Bordeaux wines.

(Signed)

J. LIEBIG, M. Pr."

F R E N C H W I N E S .

EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE	per doz.	30s.	VIN ORDINAIRE, MEDOC	per doz.	14s.
" Superior	"	36s.	ST. EMILION	"	20s.
CHATEAU D'AY	"	53s.	ST. ESTEPHE	"	24s.
" finest 1857 (extra quality)	"	72s.	ST. JULIEN	"	30s.
MOET'S	"	65s.	The above in Pints, 4s. per two dozen extra.		
FLEUR DE SILLERY	"	54s.	For other growths, see Priced List.		
CREME DE BOUZY	"	72s.			

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